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THE NEW

STATESMAN AND NATION

The Week-end Review

Vol. XVIII. No. 446 (New Series) SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 9, 1939 [Registered at the G.P.O. as a newspaper] SIXPENCE

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THE FIRST WEEK OF WAR

TO have begun the war by dropping leaflets instead of bombs on the towns of Germany is a right and imaginative stroke, of good augury for the future. We have been forced into this war; its object must be the overthrow of the Nazi rulers of Germany and the construction of a Europe in which the German people can live under common institutions with those of Britain and France and other countries. Therefore, to enlighten the German people about the behaviour of their rulers is the most important of all the tasks before us. The public has not been given enough information about these splendid exploits by which 12,000,000 leaflets appear to have been dropped in Germany without the loss of a British aeroplane. During the first days of the war, indeed, news of all sorts has been withheld to an unnecessary and unwise extent. The morale of this country depends on the knowledge of the common people, just as the morale of the German people depends on their ignorance. Hitler's object is clearly to overwhelm the Poles before attempting battle on the Western Front. In that theatre of war the R.A.F. promptly carried out a remarkable raid on German warships. Up to Wednesday operations on the Rhine front had been confined to contact between outposts. On Thursday, however, the French claimed to have advanced considerably in the direction of Saarbrucken.

German operations against Poland have proceeded according to obvious (and presumably foreseen) plan, though with somewhat less than the clockwork precision achieved by the incomparable army which von Kluck commanded in August, 1914. The German boast that Warsaw lay three days' march from the Reich frontier has not been realised; but, time-table apart, the war has been conducted by the aggressor on lines which were to be expected. The untenable Corridor has been cut; a German force concentrated in East Prussia has struck south from Tannenberg in the direction of Warsaw; on the frontier west of Poznan the attack has been largely of a holding character; but against the industrial triangle—Teschen, Czestokowa, Cracow—the offensive has been pushed hard, with terrific air support. Strategically, the Polish front—fertile in vulnerable salients, and extremely vulnerable by "scissors" attack—was known to be weak. The resistance put up by the Polish troops has been stubborn; but Poland is as incapable as Belgium in 1914 of prolonged resistance on her frontiers against German invasion. The evacuation of the Government from Warsaw to Lublin indicates that the threat to the capital is regarded

as serious; but it must not be supposed that Poland has no reserves with which to fight on a shortened, straighter line. The German claims in the matter of prisoners are relatively small.

Diplomatic Preparation

The chronicle of the immediate steps that led our country into war with Nazi Germany covers only two weeks, and includes little that is doubtful or liable to subsequent correction in essentials, though the future historian will be able to amplify it. It opens with the correspondence between Mr. Chamberlain and Herr Hitler, for which in an atmosphere of growing tension Sir Nevile Henderson acted as courier and go-between. The first despatch, dated August 22nd, is one of the clearest and straightest documents ever launched from Downing Street. After a significant reference to the German military movements on the Polish frontier, the conclusion of the Russo-German treaty of neutrality and our own partial naval mobilisation, Mr. Chamberlain delivered his warning. This time there shall be no misunderstanding as there may have been in 1914: Great Britain without delay, if the case arises, will employ all her forces to fulfil her obligation to Poland. Nor, if war once starts, will it come to an early end—a remark designed presumably to remove the illusion that the Western Powers would be willing to make peace, once Poland had been overrun. But, Mr. Chamberlain insists, the differences between Poland and Germany can be resolved without the use of force. The first step must be to restore confidence. There should be a period of truce to all incitements and polemics, during which complaints might be investigated. Thereafter negotiations could start, either directly or through a neutral intermediary. But the result would have to be guaranteed by other Powers.

Hitler and the Empire

Hitler's replies were a subject as much for the psychologist as the historian. They were defiant, boastful, but so far friendly that they offered to take the British Empire under the Führer's wing. He began, in a despatch of August 23rd, by reminding the British Government of his previous attempts to win British friendship. But before this could be achieved the Polish question must be settled. He had, he suggested, approached Poland with unparalleled magnanimity, and after she had rebuffed him he had had to face a wave of appalling terrorism and atrocities, intolerable for a Great Power. Like Mr. Chamberlain, Hitler anticipated that a struggle with England would be a long war, but Germany could sacrifice neither her national interests nor her honour. But since the British military preparations were a menace to Germany, she would reply with the immediate mobilisation of her forces. The failure to keep the peace would lie at the door of those who refused to revise the "Diktat" of Versailles. His verbal communication of August 25th to our Ambassador was more constructive and more revealing. On the main point it was uncompromising. Poland, he declared, continued her provocations: he must abolish these Macedonian conditions. In short, the problem of Danzig and the Corridor must be solved. If this meant a bloody and incalculable war with England, at least it would not be, like the last, a war on two fronts. The Russian pact would last a long time, and would render Germany "secure economically for the longest period of war." In other words, Hitler had lost his fear of a British blockade. Thus assured of victory, he then went on to patronise the British Empire, if it would come to terms. He is "a man of great decisions," and would even be prepared to give the Empire "an assurance of German assistance" in any part of the world—in other words, to take us under his protection. He would even agree to "a reasonable limitation of armaments." His colonial demands would have to be satisfied, however, and his treaties with Russia and Italy must remain intact. Finally, he would be pleased to regard his Western frontiers as final, with their fortifications.

Wasted Moderation

The British reply of August 28th was an admirable document, cool, sensible and firm. It would be pleasant to talk about the conditions of a lasting Anglo-German friendship, disarmament and a return (a characteristic Chamberlain touch) to "the normal activities of peaceful trade." But, first of all, the Polish question must be settled by direct negotiation, and the result must be guaranteed by other Powers. To this end polemics and press campaigns must cease. The German reply of August 29th was a rambling document, which continued the complaints of Polish "barbaric actions," and suggested that the Polish Government had lost control of its populations. None the less, Germany did intend to respect Poland's vital interests, while insisting on the return of Danzig and the Corridor to the Reich. Though sceptical of the result, she would negotiate: if there were to be guarantors, Russia must be one of them. The despatch ended with the abrupt demand that a Polish plenipotentiary must reach Berlin by August 30th. To this in a series of brief, urgent telegrams the British Government (after mentioning German provocations and acts of sabotage) replied that the suggested procedure was "wholly unreasonable." The German suggestions for a settlement should first be transmitted to Warsaw, which should then be invited to make its own suggestions for further negotiation. The British Government would consider using its good offices in Warsaw, but it must see the draft of the proposed settlement first. It had no objection to Russia as one of the guarantors. Speed was desirable, but to expect a Polish plenipotentiary to arrive that same day in Berlin was impossible. These counsels of moderation were unheeded.

The Sixteen Points

The German Government had meanwhile drafted in sixteen points its plan for a settlement. This was read rapidly over in German to Sir N. Henderson at midnight on August 30th by Herr von Ribbentrop, who gave him no copy, on the ground that it was too late, since no Polish plenipotentiary had reached Berlin by the hour fixed by the Führer. The Polish Ambassador in Berlin sought an interview next morning, which was refused on the ground that he was an ambassador only, and not a plenipotentiary. Late that evening he was at last received, but found thereafter that all communications with Warsaw had been cut. The German Government late that night broadcast its proposals. Save in that form, across the air, they never reached Warsaw. Next morning, between 5 and 6 a.m., the German armies began the invasion of Poland. In a final verbal communication the German Government did at last transmit a copy of the plan to the

British Government. The preface is a curiously twisted narrative of events, packed with complaints of Polish "subterfuges" and of their mobilisation. The sixteen points, intended obviously for German consumption, have only a retrospective interest. Danzig was to be handed over unconditionally. The Poles were to withdraw from the Corridor, where on the Saar model a plebiscite would be conducted by Britain, France, Italy and Russia twelve months hence. In any event, Poland might keep a demilitarised Gdynia, and Germany a corridor across the Corridor. Damage suffered by minorities since 1918 was to be compensated. The tone of this document was that of a "Diktat." The last word in the correspondence was a telegram from London, dated 11 p.m. on August 31st, assuring Berlin that the Poles were trying to "establish contact" with it.

The Leaders' Speeches

When on Friday, September 1st, Mr. Chamberlain faced the Commons, Germany's armies were already on Polish soil, and several Polish towns had been bombed. The House adopted a Conscription Act applying to the ages 18 to 41, and voted a credit for £500,000,000. The Prime Minister's speech was in his usual style, quiet, and unrhetorical. But it reviewed the events that led up to the war on the Poles in terms that came near vehemence. Germany had deliberately refused to negotiate with Poland. The responsibility for a terrible disaster would lie on the shoulders of one man, who had plunged the world into misery to serve his own senseless ambition. He then told the House that the British and French Ambassadors were informing the German Government that unless it promptly withdrew its forces from Polish soil the two Governments would fulfil their obligations to Poland. His peroration, while declaring that we had no quarrel with the German people was morally a declaration of war for the destruction of the Nazi government. So long as it existed there would be no peace in Europe. The Leaders of the Opposition followed in the same sense. In the Reichstag, meanwhile, a few hours earlier, Danzig was incorporated in the Reich. The Führer abused the Poles in his more full-blooded style, and mutilated history till it was unrecognisable. His pretence was that the Polish Government, which never in fact received his proposals, had refused to negotiate. He thanked Italy but would not call on her to fight. He dwelt with peculiar emphasis on the Russian Pact, which he treated as a pledge of peace "for ever." Once more, as in his despatch to London, he dwelt on the value of Russia's "economic co-operation." Finally, as he proposed to go to the front in his favourite corporal's uniform, he named first Göring and then Hess as his successors. He said, that he had ordered his air force to attack military objectives only.

The Interval of Delay

On Saturday, September 2, the House and the listening nation lived through an interval of bewilderment—an interval of wondering whether at the last moment the reluctance of the Great Powers to begin war upon each other might after all lead to a truce and negotiations. The House of Commons expected an announcement that we were fighting on the side of the Poles. Mr. Chamberlain explained that Mussolini had proposed an immediate cessation of hostilities and a conference between Great Britain, France, Poland, Germany and Italy, and that the British Government was "in communication with the French Government as to the limit of time within which it would be necessary for the British and French Governments to know whether the German Government were prepared to effect such a withdrawal." If Hitler would withdraw his troops, conversations were still possible "on the understanding that the settlement arrived at was one that safeguarded the vital interests of Poland and was secured by an international guarantee." The House was restive; Mr. Greenwood, Sir Archibald Sinclair and others urged that we were in honour bound to fulfil our pledge without delay. The Poles had already been fighting for thirty-eight hours. Mr. Maxton pleaded that we should not lose any possibility of peace; even postponement would be something gained. Mr. Chamberlain explained that for himself he had little hope of a favourable reply from the Führer, but that he must wait for the views of the French Cabinet which was in session at that moment. When the House met on Sunday a state of war already existed between Britain and Germany. At 9 a.m. the British Ambassador had delivered a final ultimatum which expired at 11 a.m. and Mr. Chamberlain had spoken to the nation on the wireless at 11.15. The corresponding French Note gave Hitler until 5 p.m. The Prime Minister's announcement of war was made in words of complete and moving simplicity. He said that everything he had hoped for had crashed into ruins. He hoped to live "to see the day when Hitlerism has been destroyed and a liberated Europe has been re-established." And so, after more dramatic speeches from Mr. Greenwood, Sir Archibald Sinclair and Mr. Churchill, we entered the war.

The First Frightfulness

The Germans started their unrestricted U-boat attacks, with all the old brutality, within an hour or two of the outbreak of the war. On Sunday evening the liner *Athenia*, carrying 1,400 passengers and crew, outward bound to Canada, was sunk 250 miles west of the furthest Hebrides. We have the evidence of the Captain and others that she was struck by a torpedo from a submarine which was clearly seen as she came to the surface by the captain and several of the officers and crew. The captain states that she then fired a shell, as he guesses, to destroy the ship's wireless. A German official statement flatly denied that any submarine can have been responsible, and blamed the disaster on a British mine. Needless to say, we do not lay mines on the tracks prescribed to our own shipping. Germany had adhered to the Convention that forbids such practices. Happily, in a fairly calm sea, most of the passengers and crew were saved by a Norwegian tramp, a Swedish yacht and several British destroyers, but it is feared that in the explosion, or by drowning, over a hundred persons perished. This action so precisely repeats the German policy of the last war—a policy fatal to Germany—that we may wonder whether it was officially intended at this stage or whether perhaps it was the rash initiative of an individual submarine commander. No doubt we shall soon find out whether the Nazis intend as completely to ignore the moral opinion of the world in their conduct of the war as they have done in their diplomacy.

The Fourth Belligerent Power

Dr. Benes's telegram on the first day of the war—it was despatched not only to Mr. Chamberlain, but to M. Daladier and the Polish Prime Minister, Skladkowski, as well—has drawn attention to the fact that a fourth Power is fighting Nazism. Dr. Benes has spoken and will speak for all Czechoslovak citizens abroad, but also on behalf of all the people within the borders of their country which is now oppressed by Nazism. Dr. Benes has every authority to do so. Neither Great Britain, nor France, nor Poland has ever recognised the occupation of Czechoslovakia; none of these countries has even recognised the "Protectorate." The true Czechoslovakia on whose behalf Dr. Benes has spoken does not lack power. About 150,000 men are at her disposal. On the same day when Dr. Benes dispatched his telegram, the first Czechoslovak Legion was formed in Poland under the command of General Lev Prchala. Negotiations are going on between the Czechoslovak authorities in France and the French Government, with the aim of forming a Czechoslovak Legion in France as well, where during the Great War Czechoslovaks were fighting in the front ranks of the allied armies. In this country the Czechoslovak representatives have taken the first steps to establish a similar formation. These Legions will be a real Czechoslovak army, as not only Czechs, but also Slovaks, Germans and Magyars—all members of the Czechoslovak family without distinction of party or religion—wish to fight for their democratic ideals and for the freedom of their country.

The Dominions in the War

Doubts that may have been felt in any quarter about the policy of the Dominions have now been cleared up. Australia, New Zealand and Canada were prompt in taking up their position beside Great Britain. Eire has proclaimed her neutrality in spite of the overwhelming sympathy of the Catholic Irish for Catholic Poland, and the anti-Nazi and democratic sentiment of all but a small minority. In South Africa the Cabinet was split in two, the Prime Minister and his following proposing neutrality (a "modified neutrality" as he would like it to be called) and General Smuts with his supporters demanding the severance of relations with Germany and the fullest co-operation with Britain and the Commonwealth. General Hertzog was defeated in the House of Assembly by 80 votes to 67; the Governor-General refused his request for a dissolution, and General Smuts has lost no time in forming a new Ministry. This is a solid National Government comprising members of the United Party with two or three from the Dominion and Labour Parties. Under the leadership of the new Premier it may be relied on to carry out the obligations of the Dominion to the common cause as well as safeguarding the vital interests of South Africa in particular. One of those vital interests, as General Smuts made clear in the Assembly, is the protection of South-West Africa against seizure by the Nazis at the point of the bayonet.

The New Ministers

The creation of a War Cabinet small enough to be able to act and discuss without undue waste of time was, of course, inevitable. Nor is nine an unduly small number for such a body—or ten, if we count Mr. Eden, who is to attend in order to act as liaison officer with the Dominion Governments. It is, however, noticeable both that there is no Minister among the ten who is mainly concerned with home affairs (unless Sir Samuel Hoare, as Lord Privy Seal, is to be given this function) and no Minister who can be regarded as representing the co-ordination of economic policy outside the sphere of "defence." There are four "defence" Ministers out of the nine who form the Cabinet; so that the "co-ordination" of defence has resulted in adding another, instead of providing for the pooling of defence policy at an early stage. Of the newcomers, Mr. Churchill could be taken for granted: it is difficult to imagine a War Cabinet without him. Lord Hankey, in view of his great and diverse experience, is likely to be an effective and energetic Minister. As for the new appointments outside the Cabinet, we must wait and see. Lord Macmillan has done skilled service as chairman of various Government Commissions, and has an excellent record as a lawyer; but his suitability as Minister of Information has still to be proved. He may turn out very well; we simply do not know. Nor do we know what to make of Mr. Cross as Minister of Economic Warfare—in other words, Blockade. Mr. Cross is a merchant-banker by profession, and has held minor office at the Board of Trade, where he has presumably got the experience which has earned him his present post. For the moment, then, we can only regard the new arrangements with mixed feelings, chiefly because we fear that not enough weight may be given to considerations of home and general economic policy.

Labour's Decision

It was undoubtedly a right decision on the part of the Labour Party not to enter the Government at the present stage. Even apart from personal difficulties in working under a Prime Minister whose past policy is not forgotten, it is of the first importance just now that the Opposition should preserve its independence and freedom of speech, for the purpose not of obstructing, but of giving to our aims in entering the war as a united country a clarity and unmistakeable content which they lack at present. The Labour Party and, up to the measure of their strength, the Opposition Liberals, are in a position to help in securing that the war shall be conducted efficiently and for the right ends; and the less the press is allowed to say, the more vital will it be to preserve unfettered freedom of discussion and criticism in Parliament. Similarly, it is essential for the Trade Unions, while helping to the full in the mobilisation of our labour resources, to refrain from giving the Government a feeling that those in office can do what they please, without considering the points of view of the various groups and classes with which they have to deal. A free hand and an absence of independent criticism of a constructive sort, so far from making for efficiency, are the surest way of creating confusion among a people very ready to be led, but most unwilling to be driven blindly. We do not profess to know whether at a later stage it will be right for the Labour Party to enter a more broadly based Government. Whether or no, for the present independence is unquestionably best in the interests of both the war and the peace.

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POSTAGE on this issue is: Inland, 1d.; Foreign, 1½d.; Canada, 1d.

DEMOCRACY IN THE WAR

WHEN war broke out in 1914, *laisser faire* was still king. In Great Britain, though not in Germany, "business as usual" was a slogan often heard; and even in the industries producing essential war supplies the Government did its level best to arrange everything through the normal channels of private enterprise, and to act in all matters in accordance with the approved dictates of a capitalism still largely competitive, at any rate in form. Prices—and still more profits—were allowed to rise sharply as scarcity appeared in one branch of trade after another; and even when "control," of a sort, could no longer be avoided, the basic assumption was that the "controlled business" should be allowed to earn at least its pre-war profits, *plus* a handsome supplement. It took more than two years of actual warfare to get any comprehensive system of "controls" established, even on this remarkable foundation; and to the end as little as possible was done to interfere with any vested interest, however monopolistic, and every assurance was given that at the earliest practicable moment after the war there would be a complete reversion to "pre-war conditions."

The consequences of this method of carrying on the economic side of the last war were disastrous. The rate of interest was allowed to rise against the Government, so as greatly to increase both the current difficulties of war finance and the burden of debt to be charged against the taxpayer when the war was over. Prices were allowed to rise for a long time almost uncontrolled, with the result that the various kinds of income got seriously out of adjustment one with another, and all sorts of disputes arose over the rectification of manifest hardships and injustices. Firms in the war industries were allowed to make huge profits and, for some time, to pass on most of the excess profits taxes to the Government itself as well as to the ordinary consumers. Moreover, there were long delays before firms capable of doing war work were accepted as Government contractors, and before any system of costing and standardisation was adopted as a means of ensuring maximum output at reasonable costs.

The conditions under which we are living to-day are in some respects quite unlike, but in others very much like, the conditions of 1914. They are unlike, above all, in two respects. Capitalism in 1939 is emphatically not a system of *laissez faire*. Secondly, partly as a result of the growth of the spirit of monopoly and of the difficulties of some of our major industries since the last war, and partly because intensive war-preparation began this time well ahead of the actual outbreak of hostilities, the Government begins to-day with an amount of control over private industry at least as great as had been reached by the third year of the last war.

These are remarkable contrasts; but the resemblances are hardly less striking. During the phase of war preparation, no effective steps were taken to prevent the piling up of profits—as is shown sufficiently by the movement of stock exchange quotations of securities in the industries favourably affected by the demand for armaments. Even to-day there is a manifest inclination to assure the business man, that he will, at the worst, do fully as well under war-conditions as in time of peace, and to hold out the hope that, as soon as we have won the promised victory, there will be a return, not indeed to *laisser faire*, but to the type of syndicated capitalism in partnership with a "sound" Government which now finds favour with the leaders of British business.

We sincerely hope that the Government will not repeat on this occasion the economic mistakes of 1914 by allowing an unregulated rise of interest rates and a general upward movement of the cost of living. There is, happily, hope that something has been learnt by experience and that the Government is in part alive to the danger of war-time inflation. But it would be unwise to put absolute reliance on these hopes until the Treasury and the Bank of England have more clearly shown their hand.

In general, it is already clear that the present war will require measures of economic mobilisation much more intense than those which had occurred even by 1918. That is a necessary consequence alike of the more highly mechanised character of present-day warfare and of the "totalitarian" methods of the enemy against whom we are waging war. It is also clear that this necessity, and the high speed at which measures of economic as well as military mobilisation will have to be carried out, involve dangers to our democratic liberties much more serious than those which confronted the British people throughout the duration of the last war.

The parties which now constitute the "Opposition" are pledged to give the Government every necessary support in carrying on the war. They are not pledged to give it a blank cheque. It is their function, and their democratic duty, to secure to the utmost of their power both that our economic methods of carrying on the war are so conceived and executed as to lay the foundations for a better national and international order, and that the measures adopted do as little damage as possible to our democratic liberties, and indeed enlarge these liberties wherever an opportunity can be made. It is their duty to ensure not merely as much equality of sacrifice as is practicable under war conditions, but also a constructive movement towards turning our existing "plutodemocracy" into something much nearer to a real democracy in the economic as well as in the electoral sphere.

These are great tasks; and they are no less important internationally than nationally. If we are to have a hope of emerging from this carnage into a better world order, the nations which make war together must effect a real pooling of economic as well as military resources, and must do this, not merely "for the duration," but as a means to creating an international system of real economic co-operation which it will be open to other nations to join. This time, we must lay the economic foundations for a new Society of Peoples during the war, in order that we may be ready, when it is over, to build the superstructure of political union on assured economic foundations. Between the French and British Empires, for example, every economic barrier should be promptly torn down; and both countries should be ready promptly to level the barriers that divide them from any other country that is prepared to come in on equal terms.

These constructive tasks fall especially to the Labour Party, as by far the largest party outside the Government, and also because, as a Socialist Party, it stands for both the principles which must be applied and reconciled if the hopes of civilisation are not to perish utterly over

most of Europe. The Labour Party stands for social control over the instruments of production—which is to-day an unavoidable war necessity; but it stands also for the democratic enforcement of this control on a basis of popular liberties—which is by no means inevitable, and indeed highly unlikely unless the Opposition makes its influence powerfully felt.

For the moment, the task of the Opposition is not so much that of haggling over the extent of the powers which the Government is to be allowed to assume—important as it is that they should be watchful where vital liberties are threatened—as the working out of the constructive principles which they mean to press forward, both for the economic conduct of the war and for the adaptation of the British economy to the essential requirements of a decent and durable system of international co-operation. To suggest, and when possible to work out, these principles in their particular applications, will, we hope, be one of the principal preoccupations both of His Majesty's Opposition and of all those who are already beginning to consider not only why we are fighting, but what we are fighting for. The necessities of war may easily lead, especially when it is waged against a totalitarian enemy, to the destruction of the principles we are fighting for, not by military defeat, but by the spiritual surrender of Great Britain to the very doctrines we are professedly seeking to outlaw from the world. If this is to be prevented, democrats of every shade of opinion must from now on ask themselves seriously on what economic foundations we can hope in the twentieth century to build a national and international system of freedom. Mindful of the errors of 1914, but also of the vast changes which have come about since then in the economic as well as the political systems of the world, let us remember that to fight a war upon a mere negative is to invite disaster, even if our arms are victorious.

THE WAR AND THE "N.S. & N."

ALMOST everything is obscured at present. For the first days of the war the B.B.C. monotonously repeated news that was in the morning papers and which it had itself repeated an hour earlier, while each edition of the newspapers repeated what had already been heard on the wireless. The news black-out was almost as complete as the black-out of the streets. There are now welcome signs of improvement; democracy is entitled to be told the news, good or bad, as fully as military considerations permit. But, censorship of news must of course continue and there will be an increasing public demand for something other than the official statements.

In these circumstances, a weekly journal has a remarkable opportunity and an important function. First, people will want a carefully sifted and objective summary of news which has only come to them in snippet form during the week. Secondly, they will see no reason why cultural interests should die because there is a war on; they will want to know more and not less about the books that are published, and if, as we hope, concert halls and cinemas and theatres are re-opened before long, they will want to know what is going on and to maintain, even where there is nothing new, their interest in art, literature, science and sociology. Some kinds of entertainment are especially valued in war time, and there is a public which finds gramophone records and dance music an inadequate way of filling up the time between news bulletins. I well remember, as a boy not yet 20, in France in the last war, a number of books which I read and re-read just because they recalled an atmosphere as unlike as possible to that of the war, and I remember that the periodical most valued in those days was Massingham's *Nation*. Other papers, like the *New Statesman* and the *Cambridge Magazine*, also maintained their common sense in the war. Then there was the old *Saturday Westminster*, whose competitions provided exactly the kind of intellectual release that one wanted during periods of waiting for the next raid. The competition section at the end of this journal is a direct lineal descendant of that famous column in the *Saturday Westminster*, and in time of war we should hope to increase its scope of interest.

I believe there are many thousands of people who want to go on thinking during the war and in particular will want to think of the future. During the last months we have continuously emphasised the importance of putting forward, whether for peace or for war, objectives which sane people might look for when the Nazi regime is overthrown. In war-time, those in control must be primarily concerned with the business of organising the country for victory. It was the tragedy of the last war that those who thought about the kind of settlement that would follow were not influential enough to have their way in the peace treaty. Because President Wilson took up some of their phrases, we obtained a League of Nations, but it was a League founded on the outworn conception of national sovereignty and it was therefore from the first unlikely to succeed. In these days everyone should see that a Europe aiming at self-determination of all national groups has been a failure and that, if one result of the war is the emancipation of the Czechs and other groups now under Nazi domination, that does not mean the rebuilding of the Bohemian frontier or the re-balkanisation of Europe. There is, as we have seen in recent years, no possible solution of the problems of Europe on the basis of strategic frontiers, economic self-sufficiency, customs barriers and national armaments; the only hope lies in a federal solution. We must not talk of national disarmament, but of a central police force. We must not talk of a League of sovereign nations, but of economic institutions devised for the public service of Europe; we must talk not of self-determination, but of a federal government and cultural freedom for the various peoples. These are generalities; they need discussion in specific terms.

In brief, we must do all in our power to end the Nazi regime; we must keep before the public the sane ideas of the Europe to follow the fall of Hitler; we must preserve independence and, as far as war conditions allow, maintain an attitude of constructive criticism; and we must help to provide food for minds that cannot live entirely on war news or war rumours.

To-day, as we write, no one knows how far the war is likely to disorganise our national life and how far ordinary means of producing and distributing newspapers can be maintained. The wholesale and retail newsagents have made most careful preparations for distribution of newspapers, but if, in spite of these, readers in certain districts find a difficulty in obtaining the NEW STATESMAN AND NATION they can always become postal subscribers through their newsagents or directly from this office, 10 Great Turnstile, W.C.1.

KINGSLEY MARTIN

A LONDON DIARY

ONE of the things that one will never forget about these days is the contrast between the great loveliness of the summer and the pall of horror accompanying it. On the first night war was declared I looked up at the captive balloons, silver in the sunset, and thought that it must be a peace gala that we were celebrating. Even as night fell and the blackout became complete, London remained peculiarly lovely. The dark, deserted streets in the moonlight had a mysterious new beauty and it was not until one sat down behind one's own blackened windows that one realised that we had entered on a period beginning, as in August, 1914, with a new sense of purpose and comradeship, but with the knowledge that we have in front of us a vista of monotony and tragedy which, whatever

our personal views or occupations, will test nerves and endurance to the limit.

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At this stage in the war there are certain psychological compensations for many people. We have watched the degradation of standards in Europe, the growth of barbarism and the systematic use of cruelty as a political weapon. Many of us have longed to stop it, as it could have been stopped long before it reached the supreme barbarity of war. Now that the worst has happened, there is some slight compensation, for the moment at least, in the new sense of purpose that war gives. Young and able men who have been longing to reconstruct a more just and prosperous England in the ways which modern science makes possible, and who have had during the last seven years no chance of pulling their weight, suddenly find themselves given interesting jobs. Those of us who are old enough to remember recall the Ministry of Reconstruction in the last war, all of whose work was scrapped after it. Perhaps we shall succeed better in this one. It is an astonishing tragedy that, except in rare cases of reconstruction after a revolution, war seems to be the only state capable of knitting together a nation with the ties of common service. Now there is danger, here are people, some of whom have never done a voluntary and unselfish job of public work before, losing their night's sleep on air raid work, sweating in the sun to fill up sandbags and throwing themselves wholeheartedly into the national effort. One saw democracy at its best in the Evacuation Scheme. Herbert Morrison and the officials who have been working with him did a magnificent job in getting over 600,000 people out of London without a hitch, and one gathers that the efficiency all over the country was of a very high standard. I watched the children arrive in one village last week-end. They were received into the homes of villagers with a delightfully genuine hospitality; many of them had never seen the country before and ran about happily identifying cows and hens. A few letters have reached me from people complaining that the well-to-do have not done their bit and that there are large houses without any children in them. But on the whole the job has been happily and democratically achieved. Nobody dislikes the habit of national boasting more than I do, but I think it is true that this method of dealing with the problem of evacuation is one which German bureaucracy could not have managed. Its essence is the individual initiative and helpfulness of thousands of unpaid persons, and it is on that enthusiasm that the real strength of England resides. But I would like to remind Ministers who appeal to this spirit on the wireless not to forget the inequalities of our society. The Minister of Agriculture, for instance, gave a useful broadcast about food production in wartime and appealed very sensibly to farmers and others to increase production. He made, it seemed to me, a mistake in his approach to agricultural labourers, whom he encouraged to work as they had never worked before. Did he forget the differences between an appeal to people with good incomes to give up some of their spare time, the appeal to farmers to work hard with a good chance of making some extra profit out of their work, and an appeal to a labourer with a minimum of 34*s.* a week? I should like him to have heard the comments of certain agricultural workers who are certainly willing to work themselves to the bone to beat the Nazis and to serve the public good, but who would have taken more notice of this broadcast if the Government had offered them an extra 5*s.* a week!

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Most of us have stories of "how we saw the war in," but I doubt if anyone in this country had a more bizarre experience than my friend who was at a large holiday camp. Throughout the crisis, the camp authorities refused to broadcast any news and maintained that all war-talk was "just rumour." It was, my friend remarked, a regime of totalitarian high spirits. On the Friday when Poland was invaded, the two thousand odd campers in the two great dining rooms were informed by the stentorian loud speaker that, in spite of all gossip, the camp was definitely carrying on. "Heigh-de-he" shouted the unseen leader. "Heigh-de-ho," replied the two thousand, and, clasping their hands above their heads, thundered the camp song, in cheery defiance of war. There is no doubt this censorship of politics was a great relief. News bulletins are a drug, my friend assures me, and he was better without them, although he did on occasion slip furtively out of the camp and lurk outside a private house to catch the news. But, alas! the charmed circle was broken on Friday evening. At 4 a.m. the holiday-makers were awakened by reveille and my friend's last glimpse of the camp was a smartly dressed officer scanning the crowd of bathing belles and anxious mothers and remarking loudly: "Won't be so bad here when we get these dreadful people out!"

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Among a number of sensible decisions taken by the Government I particularly welcome their handling of the refugee problem. The problem of "enemy aliens" is more difficult than usual because amongst so large a number there must certainly be some "undesirables" or worse labelled as refugees. On the other hand, the vast majority of political exiles amongst us to-day are the keenest people alive in the fight against Nazidom. Our authorities know all about the undesirables and possible spies and have already rounded them up. I hope that the Government will find ways of employing the large amount of enthusiasm, the skill and intelligence that exist amongst the anti-Nazi refugees. I hope, too, that everything is done to prevent outbreaks of silly passion against people with German names. Mr. Duff Cooper, in an article in the *Evening Standard* the other day, wisely pointed out that a spy would not call himself Schmidt, but Smith, and I hope there will not to-day be any of that disgusting hooliganism displayed in the East End in the last war towards shopkeepers with foreign names. I am distressed to see that the *Daily Mirror*, which has taken an honest radical line for a long time past, has begun to do propaganda in the old style. It is already missing the essential distinction made between Hitler and the gangster group round him and the mass of decent German people—a distinction which Mr. Chamberlain has admirably stressed in his speeches and which was implicit in the leaflets dropped over Germany. We need no atrocity propaganda in these days. We all know what we are up against and the more sober we are the better job we shall make of the ordeal in front of us. I was disgusted to see repeated the hackneyed war nonsense about the "poisoned chocolates," while a correspondent in the *Times* pointed out the absurdity of talk about German bombers deliberately bombing individual Polish peasants. The *Daily Mirror* has a truly marvellous story about Germans dropping bright toy balloons full of mustard gas for the children. I was glad to see that Mr. Butler in the House of Commons could state that he had no knowledge that open towns had been deliberately bombed by Germany, though no doubt many civilians were killed in raids on military objectives.

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Bernard Shaw and Basil Dean have led the way in pointing out the mistake of shutting up cinemas and theatres and other places of entertainment. If it is only a first and temporary measure, soon to be changed when the theatres have arranged adequate black-out arrangements and people have got used to raids, it is pardonable. As a policy, defended on the ground that it brings a lot of people together in one place, it is ridiculous. We must learn to adjust our lives to this danger, and if we take risks of this kind that is our own look out. I was in Barcelona when the fighting was close by and the raids constant. There were about sixty cinemas open and they were full, and there were concerts with a choice of musical programmes which London will not usually beat in peace time. Nothing could be worse for morale than to condemn us all to spend our evenings behind blackened windows with nothing but gramophone records, repetitive news bulletins and war talks to listen to. We must keep our cultural life; we must learn to live and take as little notice of Hitler in our private lives as possible.

With the outbreak of war one of the first questions that intelligent people begin to ask themselves is, "What kind of world are we fighting for? Another Versailles, or what?" Something very similar happened in 1914 when the Union of Democratic Control was founded by Ramsay MacDonald, E. D. Morel, Arthur Ponsonby, Charles Trevelyan, Norman Angell and J. A. Hobson. Of that group J. A. Hobson is still the President of the U.D.C. and Sir Norman Angell is still on the Executive. It has been an extremely lively organisation ever since and there is more need than ever for its activities now. It needs financial support. In the same way the Fabian Society which had concentrated on Socialism at home appointed Leonard Woolf to analyse the European anarchy and devise a remedy. The result was Mr. Woolf's *International Government*, which, together with Mr. Brailsford's *League of Nations*, which was also published in the middle of the war, prepared the ground in Britain for President Wilson's peace campaign. Unfortunately, of course, the hate that had been built up during the war and the exigencies of power politics produced a timid, wrongly constructed League, which did not overcome national sovereignty and which was used as an instrument of national politics. The Fabian Society, in which the New Fabian Research Bureau is now incorporated, also intends to continue work at its usual address and has already shaped a programme which includes work on such questions as Britain's war and peace aims and the right kind of economic organisation during the war. It also intends to keep a critical eye, from the Socialist point of view, on the system of State control and regulation which is a necessary part of war. This last object is particularly the province of a third body, the National Council for Civil Liberties, whose views are stated in the correspondence columns of this issue. Out of the large number of independent organisations, these three strike me as being particularly important. It is obvious that their work will in some degree overlap and must be co-ordinated. They will all need help.

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While dealing with the methods of the Nazis, I call your attention to a little book called *Address Unknown* (Hamish Hamilton, 2*s*. 6*d*.). It is a correspondence between two partners, an American and a German, and traces the change in the mentality of the German after the Nazi regime came to power. It has a brilliantly dramatic end. It has to my mind one serious fault. The story hangs on a murder by Storm Troopers. Those who have followed events in Nazidom will feel that the atrocity chosen is unreal. Storm Troopers would certainly have beaten up a Jewish boy in the circumstances recounted and might have killed him on the spot. Much more likely they would have done him to death slowly in a concentration camp. But I have not heard of any case of a Jewish girl being killed in cold blood in the open.

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One remark about air raids. The organisation is good. But we still need deep shelters and all buildings with steel frames should be used as sleeping quarters for people who have to stay in the centre of London at night.

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In Mrs. Masterman's recently published *Life of C. F. G. Masterman* you will find some interesting pictures of statesmen who still play a prominent part in our national life. The following is an extract from Mrs. Masterman's diary, describing a dinner at Sir Edward Grey's in March, 1909:

> Sir Edward said Winston very soon will become incapable, from sheer activity of mind, of being anything in a Cabinet but Prime Minister.

This may still be true, though personally I hope not. Mr. Churchill is head and shoulders the ablest and biggest personality in the present Cabinet. He has immense *administrative* drive and an imaginative grasp of strategy denied to lesser men. The qualities he lacks, I think, after rather careful study of his career, are those that are needed by a Prime Minister, in distinction from an administrator and director of military operations.—CRITIC.

THIS ENGLAND

Our prize of 5/- for the contribution at the head of the column goes this week to M. Hargreaves.

All cuttings should be addressed to "This England," 10 Great Turnstile, High Holborn, W.C.1.

The full moon on Tuesday falls in the sign Pisces, in good aspect to the planets Saturn and Venus, an excellent augury for the peaceful settlement of international differences.—*Guide and Ideas.*

Mr. R. B. Bennett, the ex-Premier of Canada, told me just now how Clemenceau was buried standing up. It was the old Tiger's wish, and that is the spirit which defies defeat.

Were I a German I should be fearful at the thought that I was fighting a nation which will defend itself to the last man. If this solitary Briton is killed, then he, too, will be buried standing up.

If there is no one left in these isles to perform the duties, then the angels of Heaven will come down to do so. The angels in the past have always been our allies.—Lord Castlerosse in *Daily Express.*

The Panacea Society—Notice to Sealed Members and Water Takers.—Should a State of Emergency arise whereby communication with Head Quarters is interrupted or becomes difficult, continue to fill your bottle with Water as required and repeat the Blessing. Sprinkle your Houses.—Advt. in *Daily Telegraph.*

SYNTHETIC BARBARISM

[The writer of this article, Reinhold Niebuhr, is one of the most distinguished American theologians and author of *Moral Man and Immoral Society*.]

THE conflict between the western democracies and the totalitarian Powers repeats a very ancient theme of history. Civilised communities have been perennially threatened and frequently overrun by barbarian hordes, whose simpler social organisation and more primitive will-to-power succeeded in overcoming the technical advantages of the more civilised nations. Both the virtues and the vices of civilisation were handicaps in war. In the present international conflict this recurring theme is repeated, but with one important distinction. The barbarism which threatens us is "synthetic" rather than genuine. Its vitality represents a romantic effort to hide and to heal a decadence deeper than the disease from which the western nations suffer.

The new barbarism which Germany has achieved in the heart of civilisation results in a genuine and serious threat against civilisation: the fact that their barbarism is synthetic rather than genuine probably means that they will fail in their objective, in spite of some obvious weaknesses in the western democracies which they threaten. The latter betray practically all the virtues and vices by which previous civilisations were undone. For this reason they will not prevail against the new barbarism without a desperate effort; but they have one important factor in their favour: the barbarism which threatens them is only superficially a new vitality; it is actually a form of decay.

The primitive community has an instinctive social cohesion, rooted in consanguinity. This is superior in unity and solidarity to the social harmony of a civilised nation, in which social complexity always threatens to dissolve the forces of social cohesion. The Germans have sought to restore this simple community of blood relationship, but they have superimposed it upon the complexities of civilised life. They were profiting from the advantages of this pseudo-primitivism in the period before the conflict with their foes had become overt; at that stage their strategy could make use of swift and unpredictable threats, which are only possible to a community governed by a single will. This advantage will run out very quickly in the conduct of actual war; for the almost intolerable tensions of warfare will soon show that this is not a primitive unity of will, but a unity gained by suppressing conflicting social wills, which more civilised nations resolve by accommodation. The unity gained by accommodation is less

absolute, but more capable of bearing extraordinary stresses.

Every civilised community tends to create, and to suffer from, an oligarchy which once performed a creative task of organisation in an earlier period of growth, but which becomes increasingly burdensome in a period of stability and decay. It not only exacts more social wealth from the nation than its services deserve or require; but it also develops instincts of class self-preservation, which come into more and more direct conflict with the defensive needs of the community as a whole. Thus Athens was at a disadvantage in its contest with the synthetic barbarism of Sparta because of the double-mindedness of its aristocracy; and in the same fashion modern Britain and France were almost delivered into the hands of their enemies before they awoke, belatedly, to discover that the interests of some of their ruling class were not those of the nation.

In comparison, the ruling oligarchies of the totalitarian states seem to pay more regard to the advantage of their respective nations; they have exploited this advantage in gaining victory after victory in the diplomatic struggle which proceeds open war. But the Fascist oligarchies have little in common with primitive warrior chieftains, for all of their pretended mystic identification with their nation. They are not the authentic bearers of the nation's will or they would not have to maintain themselves by terror and propaganda. Their diplomatic victories may flatter national pride for a moment; but they prove their lack of real prestige by their need of a constant stream of victories. Thus they are forced into a hazardous diplomacy which is likely to lead to war when the democracies nerve themselves to defy their threats. In that moment their policy will be proved to have been governed by impulses more dangerous to their community than those of the capitalistic oligarchies in the democratic nations. For the perils of a reckless diplomacy will be revealed as consequences of the oligarchy's fears and not the nation's necessities.

Every civilised community tends to lose its understanding for the elements of power which underlie every social structure. The primitive community, on the other hand, has an instinctive understanding for the play of power which may be obscured or submerged, but which cannot be eliminated from political life. The order and peace of a nation, and its position in the community of nations, is not secured or maintained by power alone. Nations live because they provide their communities with some kind of decent order and relative justice. But the justice is never so perfect or the accommodation of interests so complete that a society could dispense with the alloy of coercion in the amalgam of its social peace.

Stable and civilised communities tend to forget this fact. Their natural pacifism is the fruit of contradictory elements in their life. It is partly the consequence of the sloth and the love of ease of a comfortable people. Something of the pride of a gentleman, who feels that the wayfaring bully must finally respect his superior worth, is in it. It betrays something of the security of the bourgeois trader, who thinks he can buy off his foe as a last resort. It is partly the consequence of a civilised individualism which rightly resents the tyranny of the collective will and wrongly imagines that the individual can emancipate himself from organic relation to his community. The noblest element in this civilised pacifism is produced by the sensitive minority, generated in every civilised nation, which has a long memory and an uneasy conscience about the injustices which lie at the very foundation of its national (or imperial) existence. It either imagines that justice would be served by handing this tainted civilisation over to the barbarians, or it allows itself the vain delusion that the barbarians can be beguiled from their ferocity by a show of generosity. Unfortunately this uneasy conscience of the minority may not impress the general public sufficiently to become the basis of national policy until the threat of a barbaric invasion has sharpened its force, which is also the moment when the impetus of the barbaric threat is too great to be stopped by moral suasion. It thus contributes to the weakness of civilisation in dealing with barbarism. (The relation between the uneasy conscience of the sensitive British minority and the complacency of the British oligarchy toward Fascist aggression is a subject which will intrigue future historians. Here virtue and vice are curiously mingled.)

The primitive community's instinctive understanding of the place of power in political life gives it a real advantage over advanced communities with their noble moral scruples and their ignoble delusions. But Germany does not have this advantage; for it has imposed the power impulse as a Nietzschian creed upon the moral sensibilities of a civilised people. In place of instinctive primitivism it has nothing but a decadent worship of power for its own sake. How far the corrosion of this decay has gone in Germany is revealed in an interesting book by the ex-Nazi ex-mayor of Danzig, Dr. Rauschnigg (*Die Revolution des Nihilismus.*)

The decadent brutalities of the Nazis offer them a provisional advantage over their more civilised and pacific foes. They scare their foes into concession after concession. But again this advantage will disappear as war begins. The morale of a modern nation of essentially decent men cannot be maintained by pure cynicism. The Nazis have, of course, partly qualified their worship of force by their pretension of seeking international justice. But Hitler's hysterical insistence that he is merely redressing the injustices of Versailles is contradicted not only by many passages in *Mein Kampf*, but by all the contemporary literature of the Nazi "élite" in which force is made self-justifying. This creed may give satisfaction to a tyrannical oligarchy for a moment, but it will hardly sustain the anxious burgers and workers of Germany through the hardships of a long or even a short war.

Finally a primitive or barbaric community has a provisional advantage over civilised nations in the self-sufficiency of its economic and cultural life. The national will-to-live is not harassed by the distractions which disturb more enlightened communities; and the economy of a self-sufficient nation is not seriously disturbed by the dislocations of warfare. But the Nazis do not possess this advantage of tribalism even provisionally. They have gained their "Autarkie" at a very high price and have superimposed it upon the interdependencies of a technical society. For the German nation there is not the usual contrast between peace and war; it was asked to bear the burdens of war in peace time. A nation which must bear the psychic tensions and economic privations of war, long before war begins, must naturally succumb to them much earlier than its more favoured foes.

In short, the western democracies can defeat this new barbarism primarily because it is a "faked" barbarism, which hides a social decay more serious than their own defects. The tragedy of modern history is that the democracies could not meet the challenge at a time when its hollow pretensions could have been unmasked without firing a shot. Even a synthetic barbarism had sufficient advantages over a decadent civilisation to have made that impossible.

REINHOLD NIEBUHR

THE PROGRESS OF MEDICAL SCIENCE

"Probably at no time in the world's history has the average citizen of this and of most other civilised communities felt so insecure against death by violence. At no time in the world's history has the same citizen had reason to feel so secure against death by disease."

PROGRESS in medical science, as in nearly everything else, takes place by jumps. Short spells of rapid advance are separated by long periods of stagnation. The human instruments of the advances stand out in history, imposing and gigantic; and seem to have little predicable relation to time and space. They are, however, generally preceded by messengers or forerunners who prepare the way for them, and somewhat straighten their paths.

The past seventy years or so constitute one of the golden ages of physiological and pathological advance. One revela-

tion after another has been made, with which only Harvey's great discovery of the circulation of the blood can in the records of the previous ten centuries be compared. The cellular structure of the body, the part played by microscopic germs in disease, the functions of the endocrine glands and hormones, the existence and significance of the vitamins, the elaborate means automatically adopted by the body to combat things and circumstances menacing to its well-being—these are but some of the more notable of recent additions to medical knowledge.

Many hundreds of drugs in various combinations have from time immemorial constituted the main part of the practising doctor's armamentarium in the treatment of disease. How few of these drugs have proved themselves of appreciable value may be judged from the excitement caused, and justly caused, by the recent introduction of a small group of new synthetic drugs, of which prontosil and the preparation known as M. and B. 693 are the most important. There is evidence that these drugs do actually check certain diseases, a fact so novel and surprising that even the *Times* and our other national dailies devote leading articles and columns of space to the marvel. The fact is, that apart from a few diseases countable on the fingers of our hands, we can, in spite of our greater skill in diagnosis and of our greater pathological knowledge, do but little more to cure disease by strictly medical means than could the doctors of a generation or two ago. Professor Gunn, of Oxford, said not long ago that about fifty per cent. of the drugs in our present pharmacopoeia were in use by the Arabian physicians of the Middle Ages; whilst many others, like quinine and ipecacuanha, came to us early from the New World. It is true that our list of official drugs has been repeatedly abbreviated; but there is a general consensus of opinion among those qualified to judge that we still spend millions of pounds every year on what Professor Gunn calls "useless drugs, and on those that, from inactivity, inappropriateness, or incorrect dosage, fail to produce any remedial effect," and he concluded that medicine is nearly as far as ever from ridding itself of "the incubus of spurious remedies."

Physiological science, and the art of medicine, as practised by the ordinary doctor, are not yet closely related. The ignorance of our patients and the necessity we have of earning our living partly explain this. William Cullen, a pioneer of physiological medicine, said: "I have been obliged to please my patients sometimes with reasons, and I have found that any will pass, even with able divines and acute lawyers." And here is a comment by the President of the Royal College of Physicians, Sir Robert Hutchison: "It's bad enough, in all conscience, that the saying 'Doctors differ,' should have become a proverb. But it is worse still that we should exhibit such a collective variability in our views and practice from year to year; that we should at one time attribute most human ills to uric acid, at another to auto-intoxication, to oral sepsis, to disturbance of the endocrine balance, or to avitaminosis; that to-day we should seek to cure all manner of disease by excising the ovaries, to-morrow by removing the appendix or the teeth; one year by the injection of sea-water, another by the administration of sour milk, or by the application of violet rays; in short, that we should be as much at the mercy of 'stunts' as the yellow Press, as much the slave of catchwords as politicians, and as intellectually unstable as a popular electorate."

In so far as this rather caustic criticism is well founded, it certainly points to grave defects in our medical education. It suggests that we doctors have not been trained to apply in practice the mass of relevant physiological and hygienic knowledge now at our disposal. Applied physiology and applied psychology might with advantage occupy half the time of the student's life now given up to memorising for examination purposes minute anatomical details likely to be of little or no practical value to any but the specialist surgeon. In any case, they are clean forgotten within a few months after the examination. The young doctor has usually a poorly developed sense of proportion; he is apt to lose sight of the patient in his contemplation of text-book stigmata. It should never be forgotten that the majority of medical students and doctors, as of the members of any other trade or profession, are decent, ordinary mortals, fairly immune from infection with abstract or ideal notions. They neither hunt for, nor readily recognise, what we may call general principles. Philosophy is to them a closed book. Medical and surgical practice is looked on by them as a collection of ingenuities, related but vaguely to the sciences for the most part indifferently taught to them during the first three years of their studentship. In essence, this majority varies little from generation to generation. According to the movements of fashion, their catchwords and *clichés* vary, and, seeing that their authority is rarely challenged, they seldom are called upon to explain, even to themselves, what meaning, if any, lies behind their dogmatic jargon. The average "fine old-fashioned doctor" and the average smart young medico, with his mouth full of psychoanalysis and endocrinology, are cerebrally indistinguishable.

Until lately, it could be justly pleaded that real medical knowledge was so slight that the best thing one could do was to give the patient some harmless drug which would keep him and his relations from interfering with nature, leaving her to do the work of healing. Not so long ago, one of our most distinguished physicians told his medical audience that "in most cases of illness the doctor is really a mental poultice; he is a source of comfort, confidence and consolation to the patient and his friends; but, if he is honest with himself, he will admit that the number of patients who would have died but for his attendance is lamentably small."

The Cambridge University Press has published at half-a-crown, under the title *Recent Advances in Medical Science*, the Rede Lecture which Sir Edward Mellanby, the Secretary to the Medical Research Council, delivered at Cambridge last April. It is an interesting, informing, wise and stimulating statement of significant facts and considerations, relevant to and illustrative of the foregoing argument. Sir Edward Mellanby's own contributions to medical knowledge are considerable, and he is held in high respect by his profession. What he says carries weight, and should carry weight.

Apropos at the moment is his opening paragraph, which I have quoted at the beginning of this article: "Probably at no time in the world's history has the average citizen of this and of most other civilised communities felt so insecure against death by violence. At no time in the world's history has the same citizen had reason to feel so secure against death by disease." Spectacular is the reduction of mortality in childhood even during the last quarter of a century. Out of each million children between one and five years of age, over fifteen thousand died each year in the quinquennium preceding the great war. In 1935 this figure had fallen to five thousand. Less than two hundred years ago, seventy-four per cent. of all children born in London died before reaching the age of five. Less than twelve per cent. of all children born in this country nowadays die before reaching that age. Numerous statistics only a little less arresting might be quoted; and the advance in physiological knowledge has contributed very largely to the improvement. Curative applied medicine, however, has played a relatively minor part. Nearly all the improvements can be traced to improvements in environmental conditions, especially to nutritional ones. It is to sanitation in its widest sense, far more than to the ministrations of the private doctor, that our great hygienic advance is due. As the economic status of poor people has improved, so has their health improved. As sanitary knowledge has been increasingly applied by the community, so has the hygienic disparity between urban and country life diminished; but the greatly improved nutritional possibilities of the poorer urban residents have certainly been the most important factor here. Sir Edward Mellanby has no doubt that "the major cause of the differences in physique, standards of health, and mortality rates between the different classes of people is nutritional, although there are certainly other hygienic causes. The poorer the people, the more dependent they are on the cheaper

foods, and the greater the consumption of bread and other cereals, sugar, jam, lard, margarine and tea, and the less the consumption of the protective dairy and market gardening products, such as milk, eggs, vegetables and fruit. The interaction between poverty, ill-health, defective nutrition and hygiene is cumulative in its effect. Poor people can only afford poor food, they become ill, can earn less money, eat poorer diets and become more ill."

The death rate among children under one year of age is still two-and-a-half times as great in the poorest class as in the well-to-do class; whilst the death rate in the second year of life is nearly five times as great. The health problem is primarily an economic one. Physiological and general medical knowledge is far from being generally applied. Doctors might play a far greater part than they ordinarily do play in spreading that knowledge and insisting on its application. If all doctors were adequately trained in preventive medicine, and in what may be called personal or individual hygiene, and if they had a well-developed sense of community and responsibility, the family doctor would be the ideal instrument for furthering, by direct education, the cause of individual health.

Many doctors do excellent work of this sort without organisation and without official recognition. But, unfortunately, there is no disguising the fact that there is a terrible lot of the old Adam even among doctors. Incidentally, the ordinary official medical training of to-day, whilst excellent in many ways, does little to equip a student with the sort of knowledge or to stimulate the sort of mental attitude necessary for the special work I have in mind. People do not customarily visit a doctor unless they are ill; and the doctor's technique and psychology are adapted accordingly.

There is, undoubtedly, but a very partial use made at present of the medical knowledge and medical skill actually available. In the commercial world a thousand means would be adopted to draw the attention of the public to things so much in potential demand. Doctors and hygienists generally leave publicity methods—good as well as bad—to the quacks and the irregulars. Yet it is a kind of publicity campaign that the new hygiene demands; and there is not the slightest reason why such a campaign should lack dignity.

That the public is interested in health, and eager for and prepared to go to considerable lengths in search of it, is shown in many ways—not least by astonishing balance-sheets of some of the proprietary medicine firms. Doctors are prone to condemn and despise ordinary folk for the ignorant and superstitious way in which they run after false hygienic goods; but the medical profession does little, except in an occasional and sporadic way, to guide the public into the way of knowledge and established truth.

An altogether wider utilisation of medical resources, of which large sections of the public are barely aware, is needed.

HARRY ROBERTS

Miscellany

THE HEART OF FRANCE

I was so lucky as to be in France during the last fortnight before the declaration of war. Never had I known the French countryside more inviting; day after day, as the war-clouds grew darker, the actual cloudscapes became more dazzling and auspicious. The zenith remained an open sea of blue, but just above the distant mountains there were snowy islands rising from a horizontal base, curiously like the clouds so often painted by Bellini. This was in the north of the remote Department of the Aveyron, half-way between Le Puy and Cahors, a high rolling country cut by steep gorges, with beautiful grey villages nestling among woods that still kept the green of June. (How fervently I hope some day to return here, and to the neighbouring valley of the Lot.) The hay—a second harvest, I suppose—was being gathered in huge squares of sacking, the shape of a tramp's bundle, and already there were only boys, old men and women to complete the work. Posted upon trees there were notices calling day after day upon five classes in succession of reservists, and most men had left their fields and homes days before the general mobilisation was declared. Staying in the villages of the Haute Loire, the Lozère, the Aveyron, the Lot, the Corrèze and the Creuse, little-visited regions with few large towns, we saw only simple people, the inn-keeper, the postman, the gendarme, the butcher who helped to change our wheel when our jack proved unusable. Their comments upon the daily darkening news reflected their sanguine or pessimistic natures, but always the conclusion was the same: "If he attacks Poland, we fight." Their confidence in their army, in the supporting strength of England and in victory, was complete: to me in this idyllic countryside war seemed a nightmare almost too unreal to be feared; they accepted it as a recurring catastrophe, hardly more avoidable or unexpected than swine-fever or the hail that in an hour wrecks a whole vintage. Several spoke of the successive weaknesses of their governments and ours from the militarisation of the Rhine to Munich—I was amazed at the reputation that Mr. Eden enjoys in the tiniest of French villages—but not one considered the possibility of further surrender. As class after class was called up one saw more women in tears: "I had seven brothers fighting in the last war, four have now gone again and two nephews." "We want nothing of anyone, we have everything to content us. Why cannot he leave us alone?" "Why does he spend millions upon arms instead of upon food and wine and things to make his people happy?" But these, too, had no doubts; "Nous avons eu assez d'avaler des couleuvres," someone said ("swallowing adders" is the French equivalent of "eating mud"). "Bien entendu," a woman said, "à force de les avaler on en devient une." They had little to say about the Germans, except to express contempt for a people who let themselves be ruled by such a man; but disgust with the German-Soviet Pact was intense, and we heard of gendarmes having to rescue distributors of Communist leaflets from the indignation of the crowd.

On the borders of Berri and Poitou the decisive news reached us—the Germans had bombed Polish towns; the day was hotter and more beautiful than ever, the clouds formed an incandescent archipelago, which turned into the most fabulous sunset that I can remember. We stopped for half an hour on our way north at St. Savin to see the frescoes, the finest assembly of Romanesque paintings in France. The church with its tall colonnaded nave was nearly full of people praying, as people had prayed there for eight centuries, for help against those that threatened them. The words of the hymn always sung at Benediction ceased to be metaphorical—"Bella premunt hostilia, da robur, fer auxilium." The *robur*, I could not but think, was already given them, was indeed the centre of the French character, "*robur incredibile animi*." Just as an individualism (which can be either invaluable or merely sordid) conceals their rooted love of order, so beneath a frequent superficies of fuss and excitement, the marks of France are calm and determination. The stone churches of the eleventh and twelfth centuries, Autun, Aulnay, Paray-le Monial, Tournus, Conques, St. Savin, at once massive and melodious, are the expression of an ordered vigour that to-day as much as ever is pre-eminently French. Almost my last sight of France was the quay of the Seine in the absurdly picturesque village of Caudebec. From all the country round the horses requisitioned for the army had been brought in, some by the last men to be mobilised, some by small boys whose fathers and brothers had already gone. There were still fields unharvested, but somehow the last stalk would be brought home.

To the proper businesses of life, such as growing vegetables, painting, thinking, the French bring a thoroughness and elegance that are founded upon elasticity and above all upon good sense. Upon these same virtues they base the energy and stoicism with which they confront the monstrousness of

war. I loved France as a child on my holidays, as a boy at the Sorbonne, as a worker in a French hospital during the last war, as a frequent guest during the twenty years of peace, but never have I been so much impressed and moved as by the serenity of the French country and the French character during this fortnight of listening to the approaching footsteps of catastrophe. RAYMOND MORTIMER

COUNTRY NOTES

Hot

The weather reports said that it was going to be hot again. I like the euphemism of that "again." It tempts us poor northern islanders to believe that at some moment of our summer we have been hot. Personally, I am grateful if I can feel merely warm without conscious effort. The ideal temperature, to my mind, is the temperature when one is neither hot nor cold, but unconcerned with the ambient air. People's ideas differ as to the exact mark on the thermometer when this stage is supposed to be reached, and I wonder what they would say to a charming little eighteenth-century thermometer which instead of recording dull numbers climbs from *chambre de malade* to *serre*, and from *serre* to *vers à soie*. Usually one finds that the complaints begin when we reach 70 degrees in the shade. On one subject, however, there is no scope for a divergence of opinion, for after fifteen rainless days an official drought is proclaimed, the countryside bursts into flames, and prayers for rain are offered in the churches, sometimes with disastrous effect. Even on this question the general impression left on the minds of the natives seems to differ, for looking back on their summer few of them agree on any point save one: the exceptional badness of the season. Their only disagreement is as to where the most regrettable patch of weather occurred. Thus when I had occasion the other day to inspect a number of cottage gardens for the purpose of judging a competition, in each one of them I met with the inevitable excuses and exonerations: the flowers had all failed this year owing to the (*a*) drought, (*b*) rain. There was nothing to do but to smile sympathetically and agree.

Harvest

"The corn was orient and immortal wheat, which never should be reaped, nor was ever sown." The harvest was long delayed this year, and it seemed indeed that the great cornfield would never be ready for the reaping. Day after day it continued green, lacking the Midas touch of the sun; Lammas came and went without effect, yet the proverb records that after the loaf-mass corn ripens as much by night as by day. The change came as imperceptibly as the growth of a child, until one morning I woke to the realisation that it was no longer green but yellow. Regretfully, I knew that the hour was approaching when the beautiful moving sea would go down before the sails of the reaper and nothing but the stubble remain until the plough should follow to turn it once more into furrows. Still the ripening loitered on the way. The pale yellow persisted without giving sign of deepening into the brown so prophetic of the crusted loaf. Evening after evening I went to look at the corn, half hoping half fearing to observe the second change which would mean that harvest was at hand. There are two times of day when, for sheer beauty, it is most advisable to look at a cornfield: the early morning, when the shadows are long from the east, and the evening when the shadows are long from the west. Noon is too high overhead and less becoming. Of the two extremes, sunrise or sunset, sunset is greatly to be preferred, for then a sultry marriage takes place between the low deep light and the voluptuous field; sunrise, beautiful though its shadows are, is really too young, fresh, and romantical. There is an age and an agelessness in corn which better suits the dying day.

Much can be said for moonlight also, though there would appear to be a contradiction between the dead blanching of the moon and the warm living of the corn. Yet they mysteriously marry. There have been evenings of late when the moon riding between Mars and Jupiter has lit the cornfield in a way that suggested the spiritual life alternating with the material life symbolised by the sun, both necessary to the bread by which man cannot live alone.

The corn is cut now, and the harvest in. The men worked till daylight failed them, cutting, carting, stacking, for the weather might spoil and other things more serious than the weather might spoil also. It was more than ever urgent to get the harvest in. In the few fields which are not yet carted the sheaves remain pitched upright, throwing cones of shadow like the black cones employed by map-makers as symbols to mark the site of Roman villas in Britain. Lammas came, Lammas went; the Romans came, the Romans went; the sheaves remain, the sheaves will go, they will be carted into the big barn and the field will be stripped empty until next year when other sheaves will stand in their place like dunces' caps marking the site of villas or tiny pyramids recalling the monstrous accomplishments of Egypt.

The corn was orient and immortal wheat . . .

V. SACKVILLE-WEST

OPTIMISM

THE other day I picked up by accident Winwood Reade's *Martyrdom of Man*, a book of which I had heard almost ever since I can remember, but which somehow or other I had never read. I glanced through it with considerable interest; for it represented the matured ideas of an able and thoughtful man of the 'seventies, and is, I suppose, as typical of the advanced conceptions of that time as almost any book one can easily find. Reade writes as a disciple of Darwin; and, though he allows himself now and then to disagree with his master, every chapter shows the influence of Darwinism when it was still young, fresh, and energetic. There are, of course, many opinions expressed which have been modified or abandoned since 1872. We are less sure now that the original home of the "Aryans" was in Asia; and we have learned to be cautious in concluding that if peoples speak the same language they are therefore of the same race. Many nations have been conquered, have acquired the speech of their conquerors, and then have proceeded quietly to absorb them. Nor are these the only signs by which, if the date of the first publication of the book had not been given, it would have been possible to detect it. Most decisive of all is the general atmosphere—the book is hopeful, despite its title, and Reade treats "the survival of the fittest," in true Victorian fashion, as a synonym for "progress." Huxley, I imagine, had not yet pointed out that there is no reason to think survival, in itself, a proof of mental or moral merit; and Reade, though keenly conscious that mankind has been martyred in the past and may be martyred in the future, obviously feels that the martyrdoms, if not actually "overruled" for good, yet somehow tend to benefit the coming ages. As I read, I was reminded of Lowell's contemporary and equally optimistic verse, about the "saints and heroes rare:

> Who perished, opening for their race
> New pathways to the commonplace.

Reade knows that wars are horrible; but their evil is partial, and may mysteriously prove to be universal good; nor, I think, is he free from the fancy that victory in war is an indication that the conqueror is really fitter to survive than the conquered. The Carthaginians, slaughtered by the Romans, have the dying consolation that they are making room for a higher culture to possess the earth; and an enslaved people may reflect that their enslavement is for the good of generations to be born three or four thousand years later. The blood of martyrs is the seed of a Church that is to be.

When Reade turns from history to prophecy, this optimism becomes still more apparent. I was particularly struck with some sentences in his final chapter in which, like the hero of *Locksley Hall*, he dips into the future and sees the vision of

the coming world. "Three inventions," says he, "which are possibly near at hand, will give prosperity to this overcrowded island. The first is the discovery of a motive power which will take the place of steam, with its cumbrous fuel of oil or coal; secondly, the invention of aerial locomotion which will transport labour at a trifling cost of money and of time to any part of the planet, and which, by annihilating distance, will speedily extinguish national distinctions; and thirdly, the manufacture of flesh and flour from the elements by a chemical process in the laboratory similar to that which is now performed within the bodies of animals and plants." As Reade contemplates the resulting blessings, he grows almost lyrical, and his tone resembles that of Isaiah predicting the time when the lion shall eat straw like the ox, and the little child frolic with the cockatrice. The earth will be a garden. Governments will be conducted with quietude and regularity. The interest now felt in politics will be transferred to science, poetry, and the fine arts. Luxuries will be common to all; none will be rich, none will be poor. Not only will man subdue the forces of evil that are without; he will subdue those also that are within. He will repress his baser instincts; he will obey the laws written in his heart, and worship the divinity within him.

Since 1872 we have transformed Reade's dreams into reality—and a sad reality it is. The internal-combustion engine is driving out steam; and the motor-car is slaughtering or maiming its hundreds of thousands; as a killer—and not always of Philistines—it is many Davids to one Saul. We have our aerial locomotion, and it has certainly not abolished international distinctions, nor is it labour that it transports from place to place. We have the wireless—a miracle of which Reade, in his wildest dreams, could form no conception; and it is used far less for spreading knowledge or teaching the love of art than for the propagation of falsehoods meant to intensify international hatreds. The earth is hardly yet a garden: such gardens as it possesses are being bombed into dust-heaps breeding pestilence. I wonder what Reade would have felt could he have come back to see the real meaning of his dream.

And yet—such is the persistency of hope, which, whatever Milton may have said, comes even in hell—I cannot help thinking that, somehow and somewhen, Reade may possibly be right. Is it not, after all, likely that in time men may weary of hatred, and be sated with destruction? May they not perceive that the rarer merit is in virtue than in vengeance, and that helping one another is preferable to hindering them? May they not, if only from mere selfishness, try to advance the prosperity of others, as the surest means of increasing their own?

And it may be that the time of martyrdom through which we are painfully passing is really the seed-time of future happiness. I own that I cannot find a keen satisfaction in contemplating the blessedness of people of whom I know nothing: but the martyrs contrived to feel it in the presence of the lions. It must then be attainable. Let us try to attain it.

E. E. KELLETT

AMERICAN COACHING DAYS

WE lost our tempers in Columbus, Ohio. It was six-thirty on a Monday morning. We had just finished a bleak breakfast and now we contemplated a bus whose battered appearance suggested the maximum of dangerous riding. Inside, the smell of petrol, an accumulation of years, seemed unbearable. We felt justified in having lost our tempers.

On Sunday morning, I had arrived at the bus terminal in New York. Posters, gorgeously coloured, had depicted massive, streamlined buses speeding to California. In the depot all had been hurry; negro porters had pushed us into our seats, introduced our driver and shut the door. The bus had been streamlined, had been large and the seats actually fell back to form semi-horizontal beds.

But I had sat on an aisle seat. Straining to look through the window I had seen my neighbour and city streets. When we reached the country I had been exhausted. I had forgotten the country. The seat was without elbow rests and reading impossible. I just sat. Four States were covered, five hundred and seventy miles of green stuff and small towns, hills and cities. We had sat there without coats, sweating. We were crossing America and seemed paralysed by boredom and fatigue.

Sleep had been impossible. I had before me a child who said that I was a G. Man. Denial was useless. I told him to sleep and was informed that he would sleep when I did. Neither slept. Just as we thought we might the bus would stop. "Fifteen minutes for refreshments," the driver would cry. Every two hours it had taken place and then in Columbus we had been given thirty minutes. Thirty minutes to spend in a wash-room devoid of soap or towel, in a bare restaurant with poor food. And so we lost our tempers when we saw that they had taken our fine bus and given us a machine which was at least ten years old.

But it improved. For example, we became used to the smell and we acquired trust in our driver who was quite free from fear despite the fact that his bus seemed tied together by wire. I could stretch my legs now and see through the window. Only, I was not ready to look through the window. I was dazed by twenty-four hours of almost continuous riding and the flat, straight highway with a succession of farmhouses, and invitations to tourists to stay the night in a guest-house or buy some nationally advertised article only increased the strain on my heavy eyes. I talked to my companion. Sammy was a student in a Western college because he could not afford an Eastern University. He was studying journalism and was sad because he had just left his mother. We ate some of her kosher sandwiches and I committed myself to his loquaciousness. He talked of mother and home-made jam. I told him that I did not like jam. All right, did I like pickles? He told me of her home-made pickles.

The advertisement had told me to travel by bus and see America. I was tired of seeing America, tired of Sammy. But it was Sammy who finally sent me to sleep. When I awoke people stared enviously at me. "He has actually slept!"

St. Louis, Missouri. Nine hundred and ninety-two miles from New York. Thirty-six hours of flat roads, of heat, oil, dust and Sammy. We were given a two-hour stop and I sneaked into the wash-room of a rival bus company. When I emerged I had had a bath and a shave. After a drink I faced the bus once again and found the others miserably dissatisfied with the wash-rooms provided by our company.

A negress and two children entered the bus and walked automatically to the worst seats in the back; they knew their places. At 6 a.m. we had breakfast in a small Missouri town. The town slept and the restaurant's staff spoke with soft, singing voices. Sense of smell led me to the lavatory. I found the negress and her family placed beside it, eating their breakfast. It was the South and she could not eat with white folks.

There was little real attempt to see the passing country. If we stared through the window we merely relapsed in a daze, a half-sleep. The bus was our world and the small towns at which we stopped were unreal. Reality was inside the bus; the worn, hard seats, the driver's perspiring back, the rattle of the bus and the hum of the engine, the swishing of the heavy tyres on the road. Our voices automatically loudened to defeat the noise, and shouting became a habit rather than a strain. Before me was a girl returning home to Los Angeles. She had a bundle of magazines beside her and we talked.

"You like reading?"

"Yeah. Don't you?"

"Yes."

"Have one?" She handed me a film magazine. "I like these. I read'm all the time. You like'm?"

I asked why she read them if she lived so near Hollywood, but she only transferred her gum from one cheek to another.

A woman poked me in the back. "You're from England, aren't you? I thought so, it's the way you speak. You know, I always say you can tell an Englishmnn by the way he speaks. Now I once knew an Englishman. He was real nice, though . . ."

I sat before her without listening. Sammy was still talking about his school.

A hotel woman from Oklahoma City talked to me because she, too, had once known some English people. She had been on holiday in Chicago and had seen her first real ships on the lakes. "Look," she said. There was Oklahoma City. An amazing fortress of oil derricks. Long before we reached the city's outskirts we were travelling through lanes of derricks, like the steel scaffolding of towers yet to be built. Oil was heavy in the air. When we entered the town we found derricks in back gardens, everywhere wealth was sucked from the ground. Even the State Capitol boasted two by the main entrance. The hotel woman asked whether I did not think it the loveliest, richest city I had ever seen. I admired the beautiful civic buildings, like those of any rich American town, and I saw the wide, clean streets. A few blocks from this rich centre I saw wooden shacks with broken windows. People lived there in horrible poverty and goats were tethered to gate-posts. Thin children watched the passing bus with dull eyes and no one commented or asked me to look.

The heat became more oppressive. We sped along flat roads bordering waste, desert places; a patchwork of scrub and sand. For a moment we found relief as we climbed small tree-covered hills and then we descended into Texas. To cross from State to State had a foreign atmosphere and the driver stopped at each border to register. Dusk came to Texas. The moon shone above the dark land. Isolated ranches sent sparkling lights over the blue, flat distance. We hurried through small towns with lace-like, pepper trees on the main streets, with comfortable lights in their windows and people quietly rocking on their verandahs. It seemed unbelievable that I had been riding for seventeen thousand miles, that I had another seventeen thousand miles to go before I could sit quietly on a verandah also.

Dallas was in the past and all next day we crossed desert. The sun was almost unbearable, the wind was non-existent. We stopped at fascinating small towns without depth and with fake second stories. Their roads were rarely paved and here and there I saw an old adobe house. Occasionally I glimpsed a cowboy perched daintily upon his high-heeled boots. Mile after mile of unbroken desert stretching through the dancing heat to somewhere, miles away, where we could see a rugged stretch of mountains. There was no energy in the bus, no conversation. The sun poured through the windows and we sat in an oven. We sat gasping and if we prayed for rain our prayers were answered.

The rain came with a melodramatic roar of thunder and then it emptied solidly from the sky for an uninterrupted half-hour. The driver could not see and had to stop the bus. An old Indian woman with a pipe said, "See!" We could not see, but when the rain cleared an aeroplane had been forced down within a hundred feet of the bus. The rain went and the unrelieved heat was still with us. We sank back into the old sweaty lethargy and the driver urged the rattling bus to make up lost time.

El Paso, on the Mexican border. I had been travelling for almost eighty hours. As I ate I caught glimpses of Indians slouching at street corners, of old women with lined faces and dark shawls drawn over their heads to outline their high cheekbones and burned skins. A meal of stuffed bell peppers suggested the nearness of Mexico, but the city was American. There was the Rio Grande without the magnificence and romance of its stirring name. Beyond the Rio Grande, the mountains of Mexico rising to be silhouettes against the full moon's silver.

We turned our backs on the border and headed north once again past huddled groups of cracked mud houses for Indians. By midnight we were in Arizona, haunt of America's old-time bad men, but to us a stretch of miles separating us from Los Angeles and bed. We dropped a passenger, a sheriff, wearing gun and Stetson, and we left him on a desert road beyond sight of any house or any light. We left him alone in a stretch of dark emptiness and we entered a road which was no road. It was a rocking, bumping track like a crude scenic railway erected haphazardly and not yet finished. Sleep was impossible; we held on to our seats and waited for the bus to turn over.

Eighteen haggard and exhausted people had breakfast in the morning heat of Phoenix. It was my fifth day on the bus and would be my last. A haze lay over the country. In the city there were imported trees and palms but in the desert there were only cacti—and sand. Yuma, California. We were turned out of the bus. Our baggage was searched for fruit; any fruit found was confiscated lest its entry should carry disease to the fruit industry of California. Then it was El Centro, and lunch. The town is below sea-level and the heat convinced us that this was true. As we continued across the desert the wind scorched our faces and we closed the windows although the temperature was 107 in the shade. Then came the mountains. We thought they would be cool and for hours we watched the horizon until we felt that we would never reach them, that they were a mirage. But at last we slowly wound our way over those great, loose hills. Yet even at the top, drinking beer and staring at the long, untidy range of rocky mountains, we were warm and I was deaf with the height.

As we entered San Diego, my hearing returned with a pop. In a moment I would see the Pacific and I did not care. One new passenger entered, his name was Victor. He was from New York and had missed the previous bus.

"Look, d'ye wanna hear me sing? D'ye? What'll I sing? Come on, now. Don't be bashful. Driver? What'd you like me to sing?"

The girl with the movie magazine liked this and Victor sang in a thin voice which strained us all in the fear that he would never live to reach his high notes. He was obviously the life of any party. He was going to Hollywood and he could get work in the films. He had plans. In the meantime, he sang and the bus sped along the shore where the moon rode placidly above the Pacific.

It seemed that we would never be finished with this spacious country, that the bus would never stop again, that we could not exhaust westward-stretching America. From San Diego to Dana Point, to Laguna Beach, to Long Beach, to Los Angeles. There was no more country. There was ocean on one side, houses on the other and fatigue of all, including Victor on the bus.

We entered Los Angeles and I was aware of the lights and aware of an unending stream of passing cars. I knew that soon I would be in bed. The bus pulled slowly to a stop. The doors opened and no warning voice cried "Fifteen minutes for refreshments." The passengers drifted away and Victor asked for my address. He had collected the names of everyone going as far as Los Angeles. I searched for my luggage. My suitcase and my typewriter were both missing. It did not matter. Wearedly, I crossed the street to a hotel. I booked a room, said "Good-night" to the insistent Victor. I looked at the white bed and I had a bath. I fell into bed, crawled between the cool sheets and all night I could not sleep, so strange was it to be lying on my back with a pillow under my head. As I lay there, staring at the ceiling, I could hear the rattling of the bus. I could feel its swaying and I could not sleep because I missed all that. In a moment, I knew, I would hear that cry of "Fifteen minutes for refreshments" and then I would jerk out of my dream to hurriedly eat a doughnut and drink some coffee before returning to my strained sleep on the hard, jiggling seat.

CHARLES LANDERY

Correspondence

CIVIL LIBERTY IN WAR TIME

SIR,—Victory in war for the German Nazis would mean the end of all civil liberty.

The strength and the hope of success of Britain and France lie in their democratic traditions. In order to secure victory we must preserve all those qualities which differentiate the political system of Britain from that of Germany to-day. To do so there must be an opportunity for every industrial and political organisation or group and for every individual to contribute the best of his talents to the common cause; such a contribution cannot be given unless there is freedom of discussion, of association, and of criticism.

The National Council for Civil Liberties stands for full Parliamentary discussion of war aims and methods. Such discussions will provide a continued reaffirmation by Britain of her belief in the democratic system and will give an earnest to the German people that we are willing to co-operate with them in destroying the Nazi system which is their enemy no less than ours.

Now that the citizens of Britain and of the Empire are being called upon to fight, Britain must not deny to them those democratic rights for which they are asked to fight. Nor must the enemy be given any opportunity to make propaganda from colonial repression.

The new and strange problems and difficulties produced by the war can best be solved by full and frank discussion through the democratic organisations which are to-day part of the British political system. Political parties, religious and cultural societies, non-political bodies, organisations such as our own, all have some part to play in seeing that the war is conducted in accordance with the will of the people. In particular, Trade Unions, Co-operatives and other similar bodies, who have the most intimate and expert knowledge of the problems of economy and supply and who are most closely in touch with the needs of the industrial population, must be at liberty to criticise freely the conduct of all matters within their spheres.

The essence of democracy consists in the actions of all authorities being guided by a balanced and well-informed public opinion. Public opinion depends upon the press, which must be free to explain and to deal fearlessly with all issues.

In a national emergency no party or individual has a right to be immune from criticism or to claim exclusive direction of affairs. In war time unity and vigour of command are essential, but in a democracy such unity and vigour can only spring from consultation and co-operation with the people and their elected representatives.

When the country is at war it is, above all, necessary that political liberty shall not be abused, but the Council disapproves of any coercion of those who feel that they cannot take part in war. It is a test of our democracy to see that, however much anyone may differ from conscientious objectors in political belief, the spirit as well as the letter of the legal provisions made by Parliament for their relief are respected.

The National Council for Civil Liberties believes that in a democracy the only basis of unity is political freedom.

Vigilance to prevent the growth of totalitarian methods at home and in the Empire is one of the most important aspects of the fight against Nazi and Fascist aggression.

The National Council for Civil Liberties. RONALD KIDD, Secretary.

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THE LIBERAL DILEMMA

SIR,—"Critic," in your issue of August 26th, 1939, page 302, makes one of the most profoundly significant remarks ever to appear in your journal. He says: "When one looks at the map of Europe, one can't get away from the fact that any State which included all or nearly all Germans within its frontiers would inevitably menace all its neighbours." "Critic's" suggested solution of the difficulty, namely, the abolition of sovereign nation States, is a postponement of the issue to the Greek Kalends, since sovereign nation States will undoubtedly continue to exist for decades, if not for centuries.

Germany is actually a vast homogeneous population in Central Europe, surrounded by a number of smaller nationalities, Czechs, Magyars, Poles, etc. If Germany is permitted to arm herself in proportion to her population, she will inevitably dominate her smaller neighbours. Logically enough, the Versailles Treaty sought to prevent this by the unilateral disarmament of Germany. The preservation of the territorial settlement of Versailles, in short, depends upon the disarmament provisions of the treaty. Those liberals who objected to the one-sided nature of the latter, ought not to have done so, unless they were prepared for the cancellation of the territorial provisions.

The French, who are reputed to be more logical than the English, have been right according to their lights in their illiberal post-war policy, and the liberal English have been wrong. The chief objective of Anglo-French policy in the last war, in the present war, and in the war which seems likely to recur every generation, is simply the unilateral disarmament of Germany.

This is obviously not a liberal policy. There is an alternative, and this is to permit Germany and Russia to partition Central and Eastern Europe between themselves. Germany and Russia will then regain a common frontier and German aggression will be checked by meeting with a power equal to its own. But this is an imperialist, not a liberal solution.

The fact is that a liberal solution of Central and Eastern European problems is not possible under existing conditions. That is the liberal dilemma. And that, I suggest, is one reason why liberalism is a declining force in present-day Europe.

14 Kensington Road, Blackpool. JAMES SOUTHWORTH

LADY NOVELISTS

SIR,—That was a most extraordinary complaint of criticism from Mrs. Naomi Mitchison, especially considering that she is a writer herself. It was fair enough that our impeachment of the over-subjectivity of women's novels should be met with the retort that we were preoccupied with "abstractions": to *that* one does not demur. But when, after Prof. Joad's mild rejoinder as to the political futility of the so-called "woman's movement," Miss Mitchison, in lieu of appropriate dialectic resources, can only plead that "it hurts" and agonise about "fetters" (she means "manacles") recently "struck" from "wrists," one is frankly staggered. Why, were this new standard of discussion to obtain, organs of opinion might cease from issue and public writers retire! Those not yet acquainted with Mrs. Mitchison's fiction will be apt to be deterred by this revelation of her scale of values.

But, in truth, Prof. Joad himself has not of late come off well in critical work. His discussion of women novelists, like his recent treatment of the Gospels in your contemporary, exhibits patent gaps of weakness. That too much of the subjective prevails in women's work is probably true; but he greatly stultifies that position by the quasi-pithy remark: "they think about other people but not about the Universe." That, indeed, is to put our sisters in the right, for "the proper study of mankind is Man." It is the irrelevant maundering about the "universe"—of which they are at best supremely ignorant—which makes so much of so-called "philosophy" unreadable, and alienates confidence in its authors. If the ingredients of fiction are to become a question of the introspective or the transcendental, by all means let us have the former! LINDSAY S. GARRETT

55 Swinton Street, W.C.1.

VALUES IN WAR TIME

SIR,—I should like to express my agreement with the letter by James Henderson in last week's NEW STATESMAN AND NATION.

Now that we are already involved in war, it is vitally important for pacifists of all kinds to define their attitude and make a firm resolution to find, somehow, an active and positive way of life in face of the insane negation of war. We realise that war will seek to destroy those human and spiritual values we believe are necessary to civilisation.

We must keep our minds free from all hatred and feelings of revenge, knowing that it is devilishly easy to give back hate for hate and violence for violence, out of which no bud of new life can grow. We must keep alive any creative effort we can in ourselves and our children, and endeavour to influence as many people as we can, and cling firmly to our standard of values knowing how necessary it will be when we and our children try to construct a new life out of this chaos. It is our duty to keep alive our love of art and knowledge, and to let the machinery of war damage our spirits as little as possible.

We must endeavour TO BE what we believe in ourselves even if events are now no longer under our control.

Bridge House, MARGARET ANDREWS

Shillingford, Oxon.

Current Literature

BOOKS IN GENERAL

At the last promenade concert I attended the audience was reluctant to let the performers go: they would have stayed all night, I believe, hanging on to pleasures that seemed already in the past. So, in a world where books have been knocked askew, I clutch at one which happens to come out this week—*Flaubert and Madame Bovary*, by Francis Steegmuller (Hale, 12*s.* 6*d.*). At any time such a book would be a rarity; for English publishers are shy of Flaubert. *L'Education Sentimentale*, the vast bulk of the letters, all the juvenilia except *Novembre*, remain untranslated. The novel one can understand a publisher finding deterrent: it is the coldest and least readable of Flaubert's works, a book perhaps for writers, in which his ideas of composing fiction as history are pushed to the extreme. The style, too, would be a difficulty. But why has no publisher risked an edition of the letters? Flaubert was the greatest letter-writer of his time, and released from the day's work—which had yielded perhaps two sentences—he addressed his correspondents in a gale. All the comment, the criticism, the personality, which he was at such pains to exclude from his books are there let loose. His novels have a style, his letters have style; there are even critics who prefer the latter. Flaubert himself was painfully aware that in constricting his art he sacrificed much that he admired in others. Shakespeare and Dickens, Balzac and Hugo were among his favourite reading, and as his own method grew stricter he gazed out with wistful astonishment at the horseplay of these giants. *They* had in literature the force of nature; *they* lived as well as wrote. He had learnt from youthful attempts that such exuberance was not for him, that when he gave his imagination free rein it plunged him into a chaos of rhetoric. Genius, in his case, was something that must be acquired slowly, piece by piece; to produce art of the highest quality one must give up living. This atmosphere of sacrifice and seclusion is obvious enough in his writing, in his choice of themes and contempt for the world. It left him with a fount of energy untapped; and this he poured into his letters. They are as unreserved and spontaneous as his finished prose is deliberate. It is this contrast which has led Mr. Francis Steegmuller to write his book, and to describe it as a "double portrait." *Flaubert and Madame Bovary* is, in fact, a biography of the first thirty-six years, ending with the publication of *Bovary* and Flaubert's coming-of-age as a writer. To anyone who has read the novel without knowing the life it will be a revelation; and for Flaubertians Mr. Steegmuller has very agreeably run together detail which hitherto has been scattered.

* * *

The account of Flaubert's relations with Bouilhet, his literary confidante, and Louise Colet, his mistress, is the best I have seen. Flaubert was an impossible lover. After the first few days spent together, their relationship narrowed down to half-a-dozen meetings a year and letters of rapture and recrimination. While he sat in the country, letting off rockets in his imagination, she raged round Paris, baffled, intriguing for ways to get at him or to make him come to her. He refused to budge an inch.

> Ever since we said we loved each other you have wondered why I have never added the words "for ever." Why? Because I always sense the future, the antithesis of everything is always before my eyes. I have never seen a child without thinking it would grow old, nor a cradle without thinking of a grave. The sight of a nude woman makes me think of her skeleton. . . . Forgive me, my darling, forgive me, in the name of all the rapture you have given me. But I have a foreboding of immense unhappiness for you. . . .

What had she to be jealous of? His library, his books that were never written, a study looking out on the Seine, the influence of a hysterical mother! Against the following passage in one of his letters she has scribbled in the margin: "What can I possibly think of this?":

> I had conceived an idea of love entirely different from yours. I thought it was something independent of everything—even of the person who inspired it. Absence, outrage, infamy—all these do not matter. When people are in love, they can go ten years without seeing each other and without suffering as a consequence.

She wanted, in fact, to break her way into the house at Croisset; he was equally determined to keep her out; and when, after years of ding-dong struggle, she eventually appeared on his doorstep, he gave one startled look and banged the door. If Louise Colet had possessed more attractiveness of character—she was a tricky, mean, theatrical woman with considerable looks and a minor poetic talent—one would feel immensely sorry for her. Flaubert was wedded to his solitude, his art and the closed circle of his mother's life. He never really left them. He had money; writing kept him at home. The mysterious illness — pseudo-epilepsy? — from which Flaubert suffered after his twentieth year began at the time when he was in danger of leaving home and adopting a profession, and it is reasonable to suppose that this illness, though distressing in its physical effects, was purely neurotic and protective. Whoever the woman had been, Flaubert would probably have loved her in the same way, at arm's length.

* * *

His real love, he once confessed, had gone into his early friendship with an older boy, Alfred Le Poittevin, who had taken him in hand and moulded his talent. In after years, when Le Poittevin had married, gone to seed and finally died, that sort of friendship, based on art and intellect, was revived with Louis Bouilhet. There was in both a charming innocence which reminds one at times of Bouvard and Pécuchet. Flaubert, though only thirty when he returned from his Eastern journey, was already middle-aged, bald, paunchy, and he was delighted to find that his friend had undergone the same transformation. It was a meeting of elks.

> Louis had also grown somewhat bald and heavy during the two years of separation, and he too wore a long moustache, which was the same colour as Flaubert's; the instant they met, each of them saw himself in the other; they burst into exclamations; they had always looked alike, but now they were as alike as brothers.

No friendship could have been more congenial or useful. Mr. Steegmuller gives a delightful picture of the two revising the manuscript of *Madame Bovary*:

> The last twenty pages of the first part of *Madame Bovary* were written with particular care, but even so Flaubert discovered on reading them over with Bouilhet that they were full of "monstrous negligences." Revision would take a good two or three weeks. He worked well in the heat—it had on him, he said, "the effect of brandy"—and he kept the blinds of his study closed against the sun and wore only a vast, cool, white Nubian shirt, one of two he had brought back for himself and Bouilhet. Week-ends they worked side by side in their Eastern garments—"white as phantoms," Louis said, "and calm as gods."

To Bouilhet, more than to anyone, except Flaubert himself, was due the undertaking and completion of *Bovary*; and during the six years spent in writing, Flaubert and he debated every line together. Against this friendship Louise Colet could do nothing, though she battered away as hard as possible. Indeed she only provided, inadvertently, some material for the portrait of Emma. The drive in the cab through Rouen had originally taken place when Flaubert and she, in the first stages of passion, had driven out to the Bois de Boulogne.

* * *

Many of the letters and diaries quoted by Mr. Steegmuller appear for the first time in English: that alone makes his book of interest. Its weakness is on the critical side. Too much space is given to early biography—boyhood, the Eastern journey, attempts at the *Tentation* etc. He does not reach *Madame Bovary* till two-thirds of the way through the book, and then his remarks are disappointing. Mlle. Leleu has published in full the three drafts of *Bovary*, and they make a fascinating study; by comparing them we can watch in the minutest detail the creation of a masterpiece. Mr. Steegmuller is content with a few general references. Nevertheless, his book was well worth doing and up to a point he has done it well.

G. W. STONIER

NEW NOVELS

The Miraculous Horde. By RALPH BATES. *Cape.* 7*s.* 6*d.*
Pay Thy Pleasure. By ELIZABETH INGLIS-JONES. *Faber.* 7*s.* 6*d.* (Postponed till Sept. 14.)
Trance By Appointment. By G. E. TREVELYAN. *Harrap.* 7*s.* 6*d.* (Publication temporarily held up.)
Spring Journey. By GENEVA STEPHENSON. *Macmillan.* 8*s.* 6*d.*

What should one read in an air-raid shelter? It is clear that many branches of fiction will be unable to persist through a modern war: the murder story, for instance, or those painfully detailed analyses of the minutiae of action and emotion, are hardly likely to appeal to a public living in the fear of a noisy and unpleasant death, and encouraged in their dangerous and uncongenial labours by the flamboyant sentimentalities of a propagandist press. Realistic novels of the peace will seem unreal, and realistic pictures of the war will be officially discouraged. Stories of pure escape, of course, will flourish; we shall find our Hays and Jenkins to gild the poison-ivy of life in wartime, and the usual crop of distinguished names will no doubt provide sad merriment by their facile and best-selling militarism. As the present struggle is, superficially at least, a war of ideologies, we may expect propaganda novels of greater merit than those of 1914–1918, for epic anti-Fascism might offer a theme at once congenial to writer and to censorship. But, as a whole, the indications are very depressing. Seriously as fear and militarism will distort the taste of the public, their effect on the writer will be still worse. Detachment will prove almost impossible, and the contrary will produce either treason or Roy Campbells. I do not think we shall find a Brooke; the replacement of foreign fields by home fronts will prove too painful for that. There is danger that we may be faced with a literary black-out, in which the critic can only read the classics and peer for the first gleams of the post-war renaissance.

The Miraculous Horde is an intimidatingly timely collection of short stories about war and violence. There are sketches of heroic individualists at Brunete and on the Jarama; there is a long epic of a "lost division" in the Pyrenees, a story of misery and revolt behind Franco's lines, a hymn of triumph over the downfall of Mexican reactionaries, and a finely written mass-observation of a Catalan fishing village at the outbreak of the Civil War. Mr. Bates belongs to the long and respectable stream of English writers fascinated by the lurid South, and had he lived a century earlier would have carried a white umbrella and sketched the Tuscan peasantry with the rest of his latinophil contemporaries. As it is, he is closer to Hemingway than to Ruskin, and is more interested in the bullet and the bull-fight than in the picturesque piazza or the earthly paradise. In spite of a repeatedly emphasised condemnation, Mr. Bates seems irresistibly attracted by the nobility of violence. The anarchist, with his blazing, twisted face, leading a mob to loot the church; the Mexican schoolmaster shooting and hacking at the oppressors of his village, are endowed with a mystic fury that is never permitted to their opponents, and obviously stir the disapproving Mr. Bates to an uneasily pleasurable excitement. He is strongly attracted, too, by that other favourite of intellectuals, the simple, piratical hero who lightheartedly slaughters nine Fascists, but shuffles like a shame-faced child when gently rebuked by his sensible superiors. Mr. Bates' mind is insistently on the side of order, moderation and the civil service, but his feelings are not so well controlled, and it is the bomb-throwing, blood-lusting men of action who attract his most passionate writing. But whatever your opinion of the feelings behind it, *The Miraculous Horde* contains a subtlety, a vigour and a recurrent brilliance that will still further enhance its author's already considerable reputation. It may serve a useful purpose, too, in reminding us that even the most blatant propaganda can nevertheless be literature.

Pay Thy Pleasure is a novel of character. A rich, ugly, inhibited spinster with a streak of madness which her grotesque gaucherie effectively conceals falls in love with Lew, a decayed and flamboyant country gentleman who combines stupidity and conventional caddishness with that instinctive flair for psychology that makes some of the type great leaders and others confidence tricksters. Lew bleeds the spinster of her fortune, deserts her, marries a nice, silly, essentially hard bit of stuff that he picks up on an esplanade, ill-treats her, is bullied by her, and meets a dismal and appropriate end. So far, so mediocre. But Miss Inglis-Jones has qualities unsuggested in her theme, and brings to the story the insight and imagination that distinguish writing from reportage. Lew in his great, hideous mansion, hating and fearing his four dour sons, or the spinster with her raddled face and huge flowered hat, rambling wildly to her sly, decrepit agent while the rooks caw round the peeling house, are as odd and moving as the seaside hotel and near-county tea-party are aptly satirical. The three chief characters in *Pay Thy Pleasure*—Lew, the spinster and the young wife—are so sensitively delineated that did they appear in separate novels one would be tempted to consider them autobiographical. As this is not the case, however, it is apparent that Miss Inglis-Jones is an outstanding writer whom the talent-scouts of the book clubs would be well advised to watch.

After the two preceding novels it is difficult to treat *Trance by Appointment* as fairly as it no doubt deserves; for though Miss Trevelyan's guns are not as heavy as those of Mr. Bates or as well aimed as those of Miss Inglis-Jones, she yet writes an unfamiliar story in a competent and usually effective style. Jean, a child of the *lumpen* lower middle class, displays psychic gifts and becomes assistant to a professional clairvoyante. Her prowess in trance attracts the attention of a loathsome astrologer, who marries her and exploits her in grandiose style. Jean's strength has been her implicit belief in her own genuineness, and when she finds that her husband regards her as a profitable fraud she loses her abilities and sinks into a squalid alternation of motherhood and cheap palmistry, until her daughter shows the horrible beginnings of greater psychic powers than her mother ever possessed. *Trance by Appointment* could have been a curious fragment of petit-bourgeois picaresque, but Miss Trevelyan, unfortunately, has chosen the stodgiest of conventionality, and in the mistaken belief that she possesses the Camera Eye gives us chapters of Jean's pointless and platitudinous observations. Take, for example:

> A fellow came in from the street; the girl at the Papers gave him a smile—she was one of the fast ones—and he stopped and bought one and stood there with his hat on the back of his head, chaffing with her, she gave a laugh. Then he came on up the hall, not in any hurry, with his paper under his arm, up to the booking-office, and the liftman strolled across, whistling, and took him down.

Neither the fellow, the girl, the liftman, the lift, the paper, the hat nor the back of his head have any bearing, direct or indirect,

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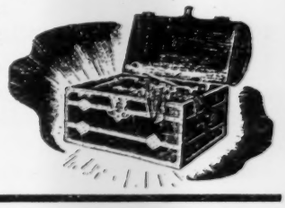

past or future, on the story or any of the characters in it, nor is the man or the incident referred to again. At least half the novel is devoted to similar pointless and ineffective photographs. Although I believe that Miss Trevelyan inserted such passages purely as padding, I am prepared to admit that they give a fair impression of Jean's aimless and random mind. In this case, why bother to write the book at all? No one would think it worth while to record in detail an illiterate farm-labourer's opinions on plant biology, so why should Jean's platitudinous objectivity receive any greater attention? Apart from her mediumistic talents Jean is a complete nonentity, and no writer could present her otherwise. A good novelist would never have made the attempt.

Spring Journey is a fragrant romance about a gruff, crusty, lovable, eighteenth-century painter and how (with a heigh-ho) he hies away through the woodland with a brave, fair lady escaping from a nasty lover. The pair meet Romany folk, and Miss Stephenson borrows from Borrow with disastrous effect ("'Your Romadi's flick o' the jib te rinkeni adosta, prala,' he said, laughing. 'Sarraco tute,' said I"). The author excludes real historical figures from the body of her book with such iron restraint that we can forgive her for letting them in with a rush in the last ten pages:

> Beneath the scaffold the throng pressed us, and we were joined by two men—young Burke, an acquaintance of Barney's, with a fellow scribbler from Grub Street, a bumbling fellow called Johnson. On the edge of the crowd, a little figure, mounted on a wooden pail, nodded to us gravely. It was Hogart.

Spring Journey is just the book to take your mind off the war; in fact, you'll get the best from it if you don't use your mind at all.

JOHN MAIR

SCIENTIFIC HISTORY

The Quadruple Alliance. By PROFESSOR WOLFGANG MICHAEL. *Macmillan.* 21s.

Herr Wolfgang Michael, Professor Emeritus of West European History in the University of Freiburg (Breisgau), has paid us a magnificent compliment by devoting years to the writing of a large-scale book on England under George I. The least we could do in return is to have it translated. Here is Volume II. It covers the years 1717 to 1720. The expert, who has no doubt already read it in the German version, will be grateful to Mr. and Mrs. Macgregor for their excellent translation and adaptation, and tutors will now be able to recommend the book to their pupils with a brighter prospect that it will be faithfully studied. Nevertheless, one wonders how many people will read it with the attention which, for its learning and thoroughness, it clearly deserves. As Professor Powicke wrote of Volume I: "It possesses the fundamental marks of enduring history: it is thorough, clear, and intelligent." And yet, he goes on to add: "Just because it is good work it makes the reader interested in the reign of George I, one of the least exciting of our kings, without the aid of any of the arts of persuasion." And so, rather neatly, raises the question, "what, or which, reader?" He or she can see from the first two sentences of this particular volume what to expect from Professor Michael:

> The first volume of this work traces the growth of British power and the course of internal affairs beyond the Jacobite Rising and the Septennial Act, to the dismissal of Townshend and Walpole, when Whig unity collapsed. The great problem which faced the Whigs in the years 1717-1720 was how to remain in office. . . .

How many readers, one feels inclined to ask, will feel in their hearts that it was or is a great problem which faced the Whigs, and that it is either their duty or their temptation to read on and find out how they faced or failed to face it. True that the paragraph goes on to say that "certain schemes seemingly of national importance, which historians have hitherto taken as genuine, were put forward merely for party ends; and this struggle, in which the Government was at length defeated, influenced all internal policy." So clearly there is much to be learned from the author's researches into this and other nations' archives. The question is, however, will "the reader" feel he must read on and learn it? There are 300 pages to get him to 1720. Not all of them, to be sure, devoted to "internal policy." There is one on the "War against Spain," for instance, and another, between that on the "Split in the Whig Party and the Quarrel in the Royal Family" and "The Victory of Whiggism in Church Policy," on "The Moralists and Deism," which quotes Shaftesbury and Defoe, and he gives two pages to "Robinson Crusoe." The bit about the Royal Family, too, quotes the remark of the little Princess when asked if her grandfather ever came to see her: "Oh no, he doesn't love us enough for that." But these are wayside flowers: the main highway sweeps remorselessly on with its impeccable surface of undiluted politics. "In these circumstances, it was decided to send Jerningham, a less important man, ahead of Ormonde. Mar tried to obtain for him, too, some new proposals to be carried from the Tsar: likewise instructions to propose James' mediation betwixt their Tsarian and Swedish Majesties. . . ." Later on, we read "The King (George I) was perturbed, the more so as Bothmer and even Pendtenriedter supported Bernstorff's case. Pendtenreidter even succeeded in breaking the coalition against the German ministers by winning over Sunderland: nothing further was heard of Cadogan's disgrace, or of the Government's known intention of making him innocuous by appointing him Commander-in-Chief of the Forces in Ireland." It is masterly, but . . . is it "England under George I"? Not, it can be pretty shrewdly guessed, for the reader who reads either for fun or for examinations.

History, the Professor would retort, is not fun, it is science. The material is there: just look at the footnotes. "Stair to Craggs, Mar. 4, 1719, S.P. 78/163"; "Droysen in 'Die Wiener Allianz vom 5 Januar 1719' in the *Zeitschrift für preussische Geschichte und Landeskunde*, 5, pp. 639-40, maintains that Prussia's attitude was decisive," (and is wrong, no doubt); "Bernstorff to St. Saphorin, Feb. 15, 1719, Hanover Archives." Someone ought to penetrate the jungle, map it, and become Emeritus in recognition of the feat. But need the reader, who wants to read history, read this? Scientists in the narrow sense, men who know about hydrodynamics and electro-magnetism and biochemistry, expose each other's blunders and crimes and fling back the boundaries of human ignorance with the same fierce enthusiasm as has carried Professor Michael through all those archives. But the reader waits, and is encouraged to wait, till some master of *vulgarisation*, whether *haute* or *basse*, appears to predigest it all for him: he knows, as young thrushes know, that undigested it is not for him: he needs a parent bird with a knack for making plain man's sense of scientific periodicals. It is the scientific periodical which seems to be the spiritual home of Professor Michael—here he could deal faithfully with Droysen and his folly in thinking Prussia's attitude decisive; here, if it be a discovery of his own, the little Princess's reproach of her grandfather ought first to see the light. Then the young thrushes, agape for food they can make something of, could wait for someone not too scientific to give them a picture of England under George I.

It is not that detail and accuracy about detail are not the life-blood of history: it is not that without the moles of history, the eagles would have no eyes to scan the far horizon and swoop on their prey. It is that moles should not try to fly any more than eagles should try to live in burrows. Why should the cobbler, indispensable man, not stick to his last?

KENNETH BELL

EXPLAINING MODERN POETRY

A Dialogue on Modern Poetry. By RUTH BAILEY. *Oxford University Press.* 5s.

"*Tout comprendre, c'est tout pardonner*" is the motto of most readers towards modern poetry. To understand all, is to forgive all, to like it even. To dislike it is to say you don't understand it. Some of the veteran critics, equipped in rusty armour and vigorously grinding their blunt axes, assert that they do not understand Eliot, Auden, Dylan Thomas, and therefore, they say, they must be bad. Undergraduates, and other young poets, assert with an air of pleased surprise that they do understand the modern poets and therefore modern poetry must be good. The understanders are secretly rather grateful to the obscurer poets for providing them with a conundrum of which they have the clue, thus proving their superiority to St. John Ervine, etc. Sometimes, of course, one of these young readers goes over politically to the Communist Party and aesthetically to the *Observer* and starts discovering that after all he doesn't understand Mr. Auden, whose work is too obscure for the workers.

Miss Bailey's book is probably good propaganda for modern poetry because although it holds the scales evenly between the understanders and the misunderstanders, in such a contest the understanders are bound to seem the cleverer. The dialogue is chiefly between A, the Attacker, D the Defender, and M the Moderator, who sums up the discussion. There is also P the Plain man, and B and C who rather confuse the issue. In fact,

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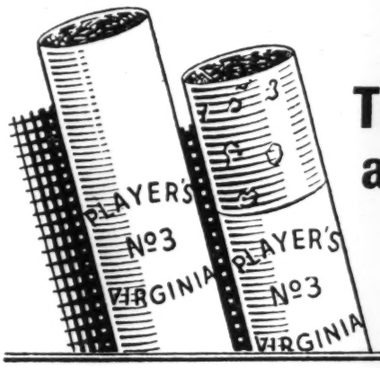

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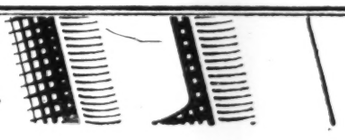

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the discussion would have been much more effective if it had been more limited. However, it is carried on very intelligently, and no one says anything really stupid in the whole hundred pages. Some very passable paraphrases of several good contemporary poems are offered, and anyone who approaches poetry with a good deal of solemnity and a firm determination to know what it means, should buy this book. If it had been published when I was at school, I am sure I should have enjoyed it immensely, and, after reading it, I should have tried to write some modern poems.

The difficulty is that the discussion so rarely gets beyond such questions as what does Mr. Eliot mean, why must poetry be difficult, why are most of the poems quoted unpleasant, and so on, to any attempt to relate the aims of contemporary poets with the aims of poets in the past, or to discover what is the social function of poetry, whether poets are mad or sane, etc., all of which are interesting. The Attacker sometimes raises real objections to obscurities, but the difficulty is immediately explained to him, and he is made, I presume, to feel stupid, if unrepentant. One speaker objects to the unpleasantness of modern poems, but he is sternly told that "at present it is necessary that the poet should make statements on unpleasant subjects." The shadow of one or two of Eliot's pontifical utterances about the Tradition and to the effect that in a difficult world poetry is bound to be difficult, hangs over these pages. However, to my mind this is special pleading: a difficult poem is not made easy because it can be explained, and to say that in an unpleasant world poetry has to be unpleasant is only an excuse, it is not a justification to someone who really believes that poetry ought to be pleasant. When the world bites, one doesn't immediately resign oneself to the fact that all the words of every book one opens are now going to jump off their pages and bite one's nose, so why when the world is complex should literature necessarily be complicated and obscure if what we crave for is simplicity and pleasantness? Miss Bailey's book, like most modern books of criticism, and most modern literature, for that matter, contains explanations to clear up misunderstandings and plenty of special pleading, but nothing which one could really call criticism. The protagonists of her discussion, if they were asked what they meant by a modern poem, would probably say a poem which contains difficult passages which can, nevertheless, be explained away. Otherwise, I cannot account for the inclusion, as a typical modern poem, of Mr. Everhart's *The Groundhog*, a poem with a slightly unpleasant subject and a faint touch of obscurity, but written to express, in terms of a dead animal, the same moral as Gerald Gould's poem about the handful of sand which he sifted through his fingers on the beach, thus reminding himself of Babylon.

STEPHEN SPENDER

DETECTION AS USUAL

The Reader is Warned. By CARTER DICKSON. *Heinemann.* 7s. 6d.
Brief Return. By M. G. EBERHART. *Collins.* 7s. 6d.
Murder Masks Miami. By RUFUS KING. *Methuen.* 7s. 6d.
The Counsellor. By J. J. CONNINGTON. *Hodder and Stoughton.* 7s. 6d.
Death in Arms. By R. PHILMORE. *Collins.* 7s. 6d.
Double Blackmail. By G. D. H. and M. COLE. *Collins.* 7s. 6d.
Mum's the Word for Murder. By ASA BAKER. *Gollancz.* 7s. 6d.
A Door Closed Softly. By ALICE CAMPBELL. *Collins.* 7s. 6d.
Murder is a Collector's Item. By ELIZABETH DEAN. *Cassell.* 7s. 6d.
Sixty Days to Live. By DENNIS WHEATLEY. *Hutchinson.* 8s. 6d.
Herewith the Clues. By DENNIS WHEATLEY and J. G. LINKS. *Hutchinson.* 3s. 6d.

Readers are often arrogantly defied by detective authors and challenged on page 189 to solve the crime *instanter;* but, being a wary tribe, they generally prefer to defer their guessing until some page like 202, when there is a moral certainty of backing the winner. It is a shame that authors can't control their audience better, because on page 189 everything is nicely rigged up for a flabbergasting surprise if only readers would obey orders. But those formal challenges sound too much like a conjurer's invitation to any gentleman in the audience just to step up on the stage for a moment and hold a top hat. At the end of the moment a couple of pigeons fly up in your face and eggs begin to ooze out of the lobes of your ears. No! authors can go on delivering their challenges but they won't get them accepted. Mr. Carter Dickson adopts a new line of warning his readers, warning them to be on their mettle and not miss the boat. But to anyone with any experience of Mr. Carter Dickson no such warning is necessary: his crimes are always constructed with devilish ingenuity. The plot of *The Reader is Warned* is technically perfect, worthy of Mrs. Christie. A thought-reader is invited for a week-end to a country house; at 7.30 the party is separating to dress for dinner; "dinner at eight" says the host. "I do not think you will be alive then" says the mind-reader: the mind-reader is a wizard; before the clock strikes eight the host is dead. Pennik, the mind-reader, claims he killed the man; Sir Henry Merrivale is at considerable pains to prove the contrary. So Pennik has to foretell another death—and another person dies to the tick. Oddly enough, Sir Henry remains unconvinced of the powers of Teleforce; and the reader is warned to agree with Sir Henry through thick and thin. There are three riddles, who is the killer, why and how?; "who" and "why" are fairly easy, as Mr. Dickson always plays fair; but "how" is sublime, such a superlative teaser that you will end by doubting your answers to "who" and "why," and prefer to accept Teleforce. *The Reader is Warned* is the most ingenious plot produced for years.

The rest of the list do not deserve more than summary comment. Mrs. Eberhart's *Brief Return* depends entirely on a tense atmosphere; an unwanted husband, supposed to have been killed in a plane crash, reappears a year later, and this time really *is* killed: plenty of excitement but poor motive and some nasty grit in the works. Mr. Rufus King's main endeavour in *Murder Masks Miami* is to mask the criminal; plausibility is sacrificed in the process, and the snappy dialogue provided to pad out the plot is not quite snappy enough to be self-supporting: but the criminal contrives to stay under cover. Mr. King always does what he sets out to do. Mr. J. J. Connington is more long-winded than Mr. King, but not as entertaining. *The Counsellor* is a story of murder and kidnapping in England (I prefer them in U.S.A.) solved by one of these new detectives in whom one is supposed to find human and lovable qualities in addition to their shrewd intelligence. The Counsellor is a self-appointed adviser to all and sundry, like Aunty Flo in a twopenny weekly, but without the profound cynicism which I had always attributed to such beings—not exactly the person one would expect to be of assistance in a murder. But these detective writers would go hunting with a pack of Pekinese, if you asked them to!

Mr. Philmore has dropped private detective C. J. Swan this time and assigns Inspector Garnett to *Death in Arms*, a story of spies in British armament firms. These spy murders now provide the material for our mass-production of detection and have a sameness about them that has to be reviewed to be believed. Even Mr. Philmore's usually egregious style seems to have been dismembered on the assembly-belt.

The Coles have a rollicking time with Amelia Selvidge, a domineering upper-class lady, given to good works and exploiting her social status. Her son is a clergyman (another obvious butt for the Coles' ridicule); and mother and son are blackmailed. The joke this time is on the blackmailer, since he is murdered for his pains. *Double Blackmail* is a jolly tale with a wholesome moral, but who can take the Coles seriously when they refuse to do so themselves?

Mum's the Word for Murder is by a new author. The plot is better than the style; and monotonous prose will dull the brightest idea. Yet Mr. Baker *has* a bright idea for a series of murders with the obvious murderess completely exonerated by watertight alibis. The style makes it stodgy, but with a skip and a jump the book is worth swallowing. *Murder is a Collector's Item* on the other hand is written with great spirit, and should be read for that alone. There is plenty of action, some rather ingratiating characters, and a humdrum little plot.

Miss Alice Campbell can turn out a good thriller. She gets her effects of tension and suspense after Mrs. Eberhart's manner, but she wisely eschews the complications of detection as well. *A Door Closed Softly* describes a wife being slowly murdered by a Machiavellian husband, while a former lover tries frantically to rescue her from his clutches. Even with such trivial material Miss Campbell can work up some excitement.

Mr. Dennis Wheatley describes the end of the world in *Sixty Days to Live*, when a comet strikes the earth and destroys all but "three gloriously happy pairs of lovers and the gentle, elderly man who had led those he loved out of the land of death towards

No offence!

We must be very careful what we say. The Japanese might, for example, object to any reference to trousers.

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a new beginning." The comet should have struck harder. The crime dossier by Mr. Wheatley and Mr. Links, *Herewith the Clues*, is inferior to their earlier collaborations. An immense number of unpleasant little bits of rubbish are enclosed in cellophane wrappers as clues. By the time you have unwrapped, smoked, sniffed, eaten and digested all these you won't have much appetite left for crime dossiers.

RALPH PARTRIDGE

A CHURCHMAN'S ANTHOLOGY

A Lectionary of Christian Prose. By A. C. BOUQUET. *Longmans.* 10s. 6d.

The first sight of this book aroused a certain revulsion. It may be one's own fault, but one is not strongly attracted by devotional books, and still less strongly by devotional exercises tacked on to dates in the Church calendar. There is something mechanical in the process by which the requisite emotions are worked up to suit the Second Sunday in Advent or the Twenty-fifth Sunday after Trinity. It is some consolation that, as we have discovered, these dislikes are shared by a number of persons whose piety is beyond cavil. You can find earnest Christians who soon tire even of Thomas à Kempis or of the *Garden of the Soul*. On irreligious persons the effect is similar to that which arises when they hear clergymen asking for an outpouring of grace in a tone no one would ever use in begging for something he really desired—for example, the mustard.

Nevertheless, in accordance with the duty of reviewers to put themselves in the author's place, I laid all these feelings aside, and approached the book without prejudice. The result was, when the aim and purpose of the author were understood, a favourable judgment. The explanation given by Dr. Bouquet, in an admirable preface, was clear and precise. He desires, primarily, to help Christians to know more than they usually do about the sources of their religion—this is his intellectual aim. Secondly, he wishes to stimulate and maintain their religious life —this is his spiritual intent.

Such a " lectionary " is not unprecedented. In early days books other than canonical were read " for example of life and instruction of manners " ; and this custom was dropped by the Reformers only because of certain practical difficulties. Dr. Bouquet hopes to restore the ancient system, and to " provide Christians of the Anglican Communion with a selection of passages, arranged according to the Church Calendar, to supplement the ordinary Bible lessons," in the manner in which the Church from Jerome and Gregory the Great supplemented them : and he has endeavoured to choose passages in good English, comprehensively orthodox, and typical of the main varieties of Christian virtue. He does not expect that they will be authoritatively accepted, or be included in official services. But there can be little doubt that sincere Churchmen will find them useful in other ways : they may, for instance, be used in missions, in schools and colleges, or in Sunday schools.

The most pleasing feature of the book, from this point of view, is its catholic spirit. Dr. Bouquet is eminently liberal-minded. His selections are from the writings of men of every age and of every form of Christian belief ; from St. Philip Neri and Cranmer, from Frederick Robertson and Newman, from Albert Schweitzer and St. Teresa, from Pusey and Jowett. For one and the same Sunday we have Calvin, Kingsley, and Chesterton ; nor does he omit the Baptist John Bunyan, the Quaker George Fox, the Congregationalist Joseph Parker, or the unattached Robert Louis Stevenson. Here are extracts from Bacon, from Caxton's *Legenda Aurea*, from Richard Rolle of Hampole, from Chaucer ; and, stealing like Hannibal arms from the enemy, Dr. Bouquet contrives to annex something from Bernard Shaw himself and from the Origin of Species. If I may be allowed one complaint, it is that I find nothing about John Woolman, a saint fully worthy of comparison with Francis of Assisi. The appearance of Hans Andersen's *Emperor's New Clothes*, delightful as it is, does not supply the void.

But there is another side from which the book may be regarded. It is, as Dr. Bouquet says, also an anthology for private reading ; and here it may find a wider audience than, at first sight, it appears to seek. There are millions of people who cannot feel themselves rapt into ecstasy by the thought that it is Septuagesima. Nevertheless they may be lovers of literature, and there is good literature in many religious writings, not lightly to be neglected by the man to whom Christianity makes no appeal. Such a man may not care much for martyrdoms, some of which he may regard as merely ostentatious suicides ; but he can turn over a few pages and re-read the story of the death of Bede. He may feel a repugnance to sermons; but he will light on stories of heroism none the less exciting because the heroes were not pirates but missionaries. He may, like Macaulay, think that " Augustine expresses himself in the style of a field-preacher " ; but there are plenty of passages not to be depreciated as inspired rant. If he is a rationalist, he can turn to Pascal, who held that it was reasonable to doubt the omnipotence of reason. For the lover of rhetoric there is the unsurpassed magnificence of Jeremy Taylor.

In fact there is Chaucerian abundance limited only by the rule that, unlike the Canterbury Tales, the book contains no words that " sounen unto sinne."

E. E. KELLETT

TRADE UNION CONTRASTS

Organised Labour in Four Continents. By H. A. MARQUAND and Others. *Longmans.* 15s.

Trade Unionism has passed through very diverse experiences in the thirteen countries surveyed in this volume. Professor Roll, writing from a Left-wing standpoint, has to describe its disappearance in Germany, whereas Professor André Philip, writing on France, and Professor Perlman, on the United States, are able to record tremendous new developments of Trade Union strength, the durability of which it is not at present at all easy to estimate. Mr. Dobb has to give an account of the emergence of a totally new type of Trade Unionism in the U.S.S.R., in language which sometimes bears a curious resemblance to that used by Dr. van Aartsen in his friendly description of the Fascist Corporations of Italy. Mr. Halvard Lange records the chequered career of the Norwegian Trade Unions during the post-war period, their successful emergence from their difficulties, and the collaborative achievements of Trade Unions and Socialist or Socialistic Governments in Norway, Sweden and Denmark. Dr. Ayusawa tells his readers of the profusion of splinter organisations, both political and economic, among the Japanese workers, and of the weakness of the movement as due both to persecution and to the predominance of female labour in large sections of Japanese industry. Dr. Zeuch describes the rise of Trade Unions in Mexico, the dominance for a time of Morones as leader, and the reorganisation of the movement during the past few years as the collaborator of President Cardenas and the new Mexican Revolutionary Party. Mr. Warshaw discusses the movement in Canada, which is for the most part closely linked to that of the United States ; and, Mr. Lloyd Ross performs a similar task for Australia. Finally Professor Marquand himself deals with Great Britain, handing out handsome bouquets to Mr. Bevin and Sir Walter Citrine for their masterly leadership of the Trades Union Congress in recent years.

Thus, a strong team of writers covers a large field. It is, I think, unfortunate that the movements in Belgium and New Zealand, which both present features of special interest, are omitted, and also that no account is given of Spain, where alone the Anarcho-Syndicalist influence held command for a considerable space of time. But it is perhaps ungracious to complain ; for Professor Marquand and his collaborators give the reader pretty full measure. Much the most interesting chapters, naturally, are those on France and the United States ; for the authors of these have the liveliest stories to tell. Professor Philip's chapter is especially good. Much the worst chapter is that on Italy ; for like all the Fascist pronouncements that I have seen on the subject, it contrives to give a great deal of information about machinery, and none at all about how the machinery actually works. Mr. Dobb's chapter on the U.S.S.R. is valuable for its account of the changing status and functions of the Trade Unions under the successive stages of Soviet planning ; but it is slighter than some of the others, and gives no very clear impression of the present functioning of the Unions in relation to actual working conditions.

The various studies are written from curiously different points of view. Professor Roll's is full of very hard words for the Social Democrats and orthodox Trade Union leaders who handed over the German workers to Nazi influence by failing to create a united movement or to pursue any positive line of action. M. Philip, on the other hand, ardently dislikes the French Communists, and lays the blame for the long-continued disunity of French Labour at their door. On the whole, the predominant tone is Social Democratic, in a moderate sense, with Mr. Dobb and Professor Roll dissenting on one flank, and Dr. van Aartsen quite out of contact on the other.

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In addition to describing the Trade Union movements and their recent fortunes, the book gives a great deal of information about wages and standards of living, social services and legislation affecting industrial conditions, and the general economic situation in the various countries described. Only a few of the chapters make exciting reading; but the book is on the whole a competent and useful piece of work, meeting a real need.

G. D. H. COLE

FRANCE TO-DAY AND TO-MORROW

Pleins Pouvoirs. By JEAN GIRAUDOUX. *Librairie Gallimard*, Paris. 18 *frs.*

Jean Giraudoux, diplomatist and author of a number of brilliant novels and plays, including *Amphitryon* 38, has just been appointed as head of the French office of propaganda corresponding to the department of information in this country which has recently been attached to the Foreign Office. Almost at the same time that M. Giraudoux became the colleague of Lord Perth, he published *Pleins Pouvoirs*, a book which states the problems France and the French have to face in the present world crisis with extraordinary lucidity and courage. M. Giraudoux discusses the means by which in his opinion France can keep her place among the first of the European nations. He is convinced that the French army is unbeatable, but what is more important is that the French leave their "destructive conservatism" far behind and envisage new ways of securing the "eternal France." M. Giraudoux does not give an account of French foreign policy during the last twenty-five years, moreover he is not interested in party politics. All this is mere *façade* for him. The fundamentals of French politics require a frank and illusionless analysis of the public spirit in France which is threatened by the rule of mediocrity.

M. Giraudoux starts with an examination of the French population problem. "The security of the French in the present hour may be well assured by a military service of three or thirty years, but the future of France depends alone on the number and the quality of her inhabitants. . . ." In 1810 France represented 15.2 per cent. of the total population in Europe, to-day she represents not more than 8.8 per cent. Without the energetic measures which, since M. Giraudoux has published his book, have been decreed by the Daladier Government, France would in 1985 have a birth rate not surpassing that of Belgium to-day. Of course, M. Giraudoux does not propose to imitate the Nazi racial policy which, as de Tocqueville already said when Gobineau published his famous book on the *Inequality of Races*, treats human beings like horses; he insists that a sound racial policy has already been advocated by Colbert and Richelieu. What M. Giraudoux urges is the inauguration of a population policy which does not result in a "primitive type," but in a "moral and cultural one."

In one chapter M. Giraudoux deals with French urbanisation. "The French citizen," he writes, "who has all civic and spiritual rights, has no urban rights at all." He is forced to live in ugly and unhealthy towns, and the best he can hope is that the great monuments of the historic French architecture are not wilfully destroyed. M. Giraudoux sketches an outline of an urban *charte* by illustrating its necessity with profound remarks on the relationship of the French electorate with the inadequate administration of the State. Another essay deals with suggestions to create exemplary great national works. Again, what M. Giraudoux asks for is nothing less than a new programme of such works, which ought to show splendour and imagination. "A great work does not only provide occupation to more workers, it does not only engage material and capital, it requires the attention of the whole country, asks for its spiritual collaboration, creating hereby a temporary and passionate unity, and augments the qualities of the race."

France, concludes M. Giraudoux, has her definite share in the European civilisation. But the Frenchman is not allowed to rely passively on a glorious past, he must actively work for the future if he wants to preserve his old and mature culture. "The French civilisation, like the Greek . . . has discovered the reason of the human being *within* the human being." His book is a profound appeal to France's European obligations which his countrymen will certainly take very seriously. It testifies to the moral strength of the French nation that at a moment when a European war was already threatening, a great French writer could expose his nation to such a penetrating criticism.

J. P. MAYER

The Junior Week-End Book. Compiled by J. R. EVANS. *Gollancz.* 6*s.*

In our young days, there were only the Scout and Guide hand-books to provide the particular kind of rapture which a smattering of pioneer-craft inspires. From those authorities, one could learn secret codes, signalling, intricate knots, stalking and feats of endurance. Thus fortified, and ignoring the moral standards inculcated by the Scout law, one could imagine one's governess a spy, signal news of her movements from the shrubbery and track her on her innocuous journey from country lodgings to church. But for these pleasures one had to pay with three good turns a day. No such irksome conditions distract the reader of *The Junior Week-End Book*. Here, with no moral obligation, one may acquire practical information about how to swim, pitch a tent, make a boat, tell the stars, signal in Morse, Semaphore, deaf and dumb and tramp's language, organise a treasure hunt and lay out a garden. Besides directions for outdoor and indoor games, tricks, puzzles and tongue-twisters, recipes for sweets, and notes on natural history, there are rollicking songs, an admirable selection of adventure stories by authors ranging from Defoe to D. H. Lawrence, and an anthology of poems, ancient and modern. In the poetry section, the compiler assumes a little too readily perhaps that a youthful interest in engines necessarily implies an ability to appreciate Spender and Day Lewis. However, it is an interesting assumption, and one, judging from the introductory acknowledgments, which he must have been able to test from the reactions of his own children. The information provided in the factual chapters is strictly practical and where it is sketchy, as in the sections on architecture and natural history, is designed to encourage further investigation. The nonsense interludes are an excellent feature. Part 1 of the volume contains general material: Parts 2 and 3 are devoted respectively to outdoor and indoor week-ends.

Alfred Adler. By HERTHA ORGLER. *Daniel.* 8*s.* 6*d.*

Adler believed intensely in the desirability of popularising Individual Psychology. Personally he used familiar language, invented comparatively few special terms and was prepared to run the risk of over-simplifying his doctrines rather than be guilty of mystification or medical sacerdotalism. He has consequently suffered somewhat in the estimation of the specialist. Mrs. Orgler's book has all the faults and virtues of Adler's own popularising work. Her writing is pious, optimistic, hygienic, and guiltless of subtlety. I.P. has a touch of the Oxford Group about it. It has been called "The Psychology of the Commercial Traveller," a better label would be "The Modern Curate's Guide to the Human Mind." But, in spite of all its naïveté and its tract-like tone, this is a reasonable and a valuable book. Mrs Orgler has briefly summarised the teachings of Adler and applied them to the life of the teacher. Adler was admirably aware of the part his own philosophic prejudices and his personal experience had played in forming his ideas. This account of his life helps to explain his work without minimising its value. He was a second child; he was delicate, excitable and ugly. An early illness began his interest in medicine. His fear of death and desire to overcome that fear drew him into psychiatry. His own life is a good example of the conquest both of "inferiority feeling" and of misdirected "will to power" by the cultivation of "social interest." Mrs. Orgler has dealt fully with Adler's relationship with Freud—a popular subject for unhistorical partisan debate and has not concealed the personal weaknesses of her teacher. But she might have written more of the pessimistic doubts which crept into his later books. If good adaptation to living in society is your main criterion of spiritual health you have to be sure of the sanity and humanity of society. And Adler was worried about war, and poverty, and Fascism, and capital punishment, and the position of women in society.

It was suggested in these columns last week that Messrs. Victor Gollancz were temporarily suspending business. We learn that arrangements have been made in the country as well as in London to continue publishing without interruption. The country address is Brimpton, Reading, Berkshire.

Week-end Competitions

No. 497

Set by Alfred W. Stonier

We offer the usual prizes (£2 2*s.* and half-a-guinea) for characteristically English reactions to the War. Example: On Sunday morning at 11.20 in Russell Sq., a cyclist in an unidentifiable uniform stopped on seeing some people filling sandbags, and remarked, "I dont know if you know, or would be interested to know, but England is now at war with Germany."

No. 498

Set by Dr. Gourlay

How many of us can remember our first lie? We offer the usual prizes for the most revealing and unexpected example, which should if possible be true.

RULES—

1. Envelopes should be marked with the number of the Problem, in the top left-hand corner, and should be addressed to COMPETITIONS, 10 Great Turnstile, High Holborn, W.C.1. Solutions must reach the Editor by first post on Friday, Sept. 15th.

2. Competitors may use a pseudonym. Typescript is not insisted on, but writing must be on one side of the paper only.

3. The Editor's decision is final. He reserves the right to print in part or as a whole any matter sent in, whether it be awarded a prize or not. MSS. cannot be returned. When no entries reach the required standard no prize will be awarded.

4. No competitor is eligible for more than one prize in any one week.

The result of last week's competition will be announced in our next issue.

RESULT OF COMPETITION No. 495

Set by Guy Innes

The usual prizes of Two Guineas and Half a Guinea are offered for not more than sixteen lines of verse in any metre, in which the most excruciating rhymes shall be employed (e.g., jewel—cool, or worse). False rhymes that are euphonious (e.g., meadow—shadow) or hackneyed (dawn—morn) should be eschewed. Combine originality of theme with the infliction of literary neuralgia.

Report by Guy Innes

A large entry, in which a galaxy of experts participated, compelled the application of rigorous standards. Some competitors failed through employing perfect rhymes; among them Cassandra Rollin, whose impression of a mill-town was masterly. She rhymed "loo" with "undo." Contributions were discarded because though they broke a promise to the soul (which was desired), and kept it to the eye, such couplets as "abuse—Duce" are not even false rhymes. Martin Walsh's irregular blank verse contained no rhyme of any kind.

Allan M. Laing, who battens on these competitions, had the right idea, but failed to drag the guineas down. Alpha's pun on "guineas" and the name of the setter, though excruciating enough, is not of wide public interest. Tony Newcombe debauches Shakespeare and remembers Keats; Charles Best's cheerful and scholarly contributions are put aside with regret. My conscience pricks me for having imposed conditions which brought into hotchpot the work of Lorna French and Morfa, whose stoic mutilation of their darlings nearly gained prizes.

Commendations go to several veterans and to Mair Thomas, Balthazar, Elizabeth White, Lynx, and Harry Broadbent. Dr. Gourlay is thanked for his suggestion, which has been recommended to the Editor.

The First Prize is won by Nancy Gunter, whose last line is sheer poetry. The second goes to Little Billee, who achieves an authentic sprained ankle effect.

FIRST PRIZE

THE HAPPY POET

Thrice-blessed is the happy Poet;
His silvern barque of dreams may float
Untrammelled by a groundling's fear,
Frail, yet how strong its freight to bear
To where some nymph with milk-white foot
Treads a gay measure to his lute,
And song and music's soft alliance
Speed hours of moonlit, sweet dalliance,
While mirrored in the eye of Venus
He views the reflex of his genius,
The Milky-Way his far-flung noose
Set to ensnare the Lyric Muse,
The Star of Eve his steadfast pilot
Thro' sunset clouds of rose and violet
Until his soul shall thread alone
The hazy hundreds of the Moon.

NANCY GUNTER

SECOND PRIZE

EPISODE

There was a girl named Dahlia once,
  Worked in a library,
Whom her swain Donald wooed for months,
  With loving bribery.

He bought her trinkets, cakes—all sugar,
  And latest ice-cream mixtures,
And twice a week enraptured took her
  To sentimental pictures.

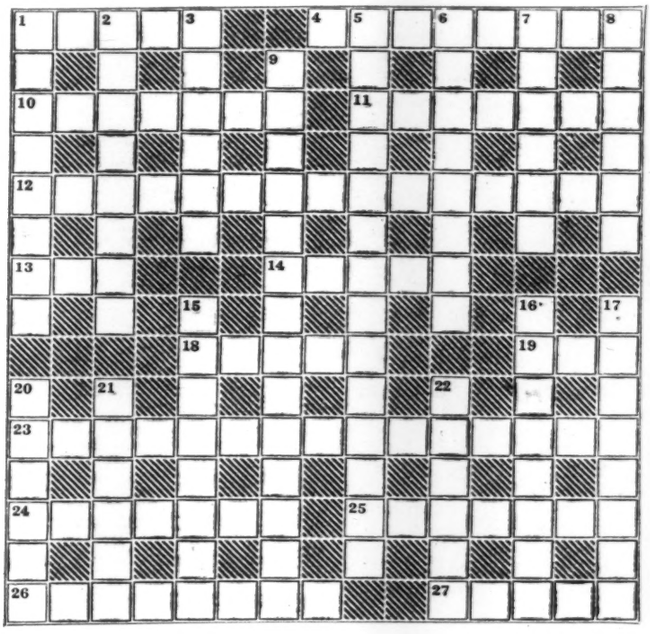
There, twilit, tender and facetious,
  He whispered to his Dahlia,
"Don't you find, darling, in my features,
  Something of Robert Taylor?"

But oh! too long she kept him wooing,
  A daily dearer Dahlia,—
In five months he was faced with ruin,
  In six, confessed to failure!

"LITTLE BILLEE"

WEEK-END CROSSWORD 496

Books to the value of Five Shillings may be chosen by the sender of the first correct solution opened. Post solutions to arrive not later than first delivery Wednesday following the date of issue, addressed to "CROSSWORDS," 10 Great Turnstile, London, W.C.1.



Set by L.-S.

The last week's winner is
Miss G. Baker, Sunnycroft, St. Ives, Cornwall.

ACROSS

1. The canon won't credit him with being really genuine. (5)
4. Not concrete theft. (8)
10. Not what the huntsman wears out, but the soldier. (7)
11. Everyone came back to a disorderly meal. (7)
12. Nowadays he should brush away between 5. (15)
13. Early cattle ship. (3)
14. Bits of paint. (5)
18. Fisherman's corner. (5)
19. One can never get through this without having a scene or two. (3)
23. The person who does starts Follow my Leader as it were. (15)
24. Go back and find some sign of the Sappers. (7)
25. Equine face pack. (7)
26. This would be a flitch or a loin to cut from no doubt. (8)
27. Her back caused a great stir in Paris. (5)

DOWN

1. Goes from side to side. (8)
2. Such extreme wear is not suitable for your get-up. (8)
3 (rev.). Guard for the Cortes. (6)
5. Indicate the place of the Passover. (14)
6. More than one of Shakespeare's plays. (8)
7. Not straight up the hill. (6)
8. Not found in the taproom, though it has drink on tap. (6)
9. One should not take such commands lying down. (14)
15. Upholds the headpiece. (8)
16. The Inner Man is no figure of speech to him. (8)
17. Sort of thing most regiments are up to nowadays. (8)
20. Jumps places where the line is up as it were. (6)
21. How we cut across the water in winter. (6)
22. Strange offspring for a better person. (6)

LAST WEEK'S CROSSWORD

E	X	P	A	T	I	A	T	E	■	P	E	T	A	L
X	■	A	■	H	■	T	■	X	■	U	■	R	■	O
P	E	N	C	E	■	T	A	P	E	S	■	A	I	R
R	■	U	■	C	■	I	■	O	■	S	■	J	■	D
E	A	R	S	H	O	T	■	R	A	I	D	E	R	S
S	■	G	■	E	■	U	■	T	■	N	■	C	■	A
S	R	E	T	S	U	D	■	■	T	I	T	A	N	
L	■	■	■	T	■	E	■	T	■	H	■	■	■	D
E	A	T	E	N	■	■	H	E	E	D	F	U	L	
T	■	W	■	U	■	A	■	E	■	C	■	O	■	A
T	R	I	S	T	A	N	■	S	C	O	U	R	E	D
E	■	S	■	T	■	G	■	T	■	R	■	M	■	I
R	A	T	■	R	I	O	J	A	■	N	E	U	M	E
S	■	E	■	E	■	R	■	R	■	E	■	L	■	S
■	T	R	E	E	■	A	R	T	E	R	I	A	L	■

NOTE.—Attitude—*The Gondoliers*

THE WEEK IN THE CITY

By DIVES

STEADY MARKETS—MONETARY CONTROLS—FINANCING THE WAR

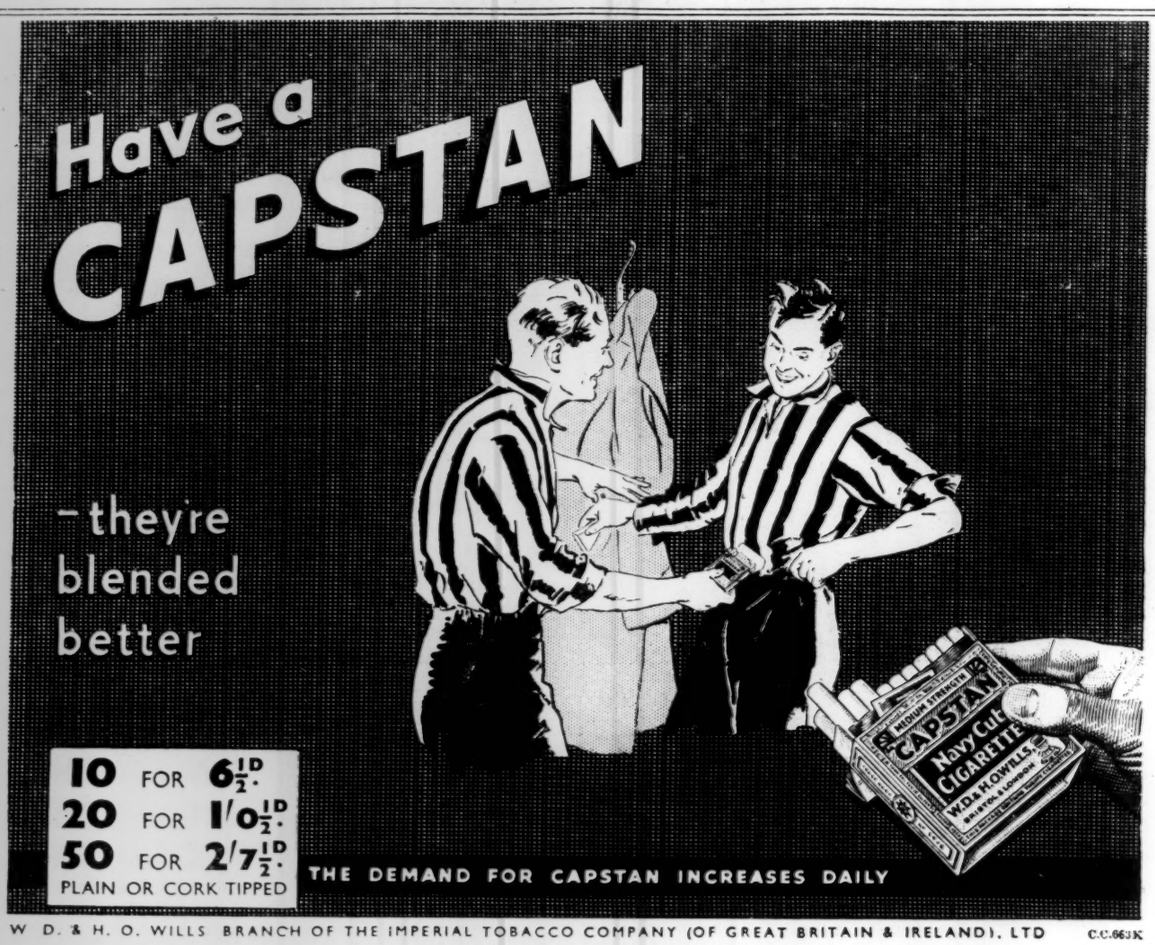
THE stoicism displayed by the City during the final week of the near-war phase has been well maintained in the initial stage of the war. Although the Stock Exchange remained closed until Thursday, the trend disclosed by inter-office dealings on Tuesday and Wednesday was quietly steady. Gilt-edged, generally speaking, were put back to their minimum prices, but there was practically no liquidation; and among equities movements were small, buyers and sellers being fairly evenly balanced. At around $4 the pound sterling was regarded as having reached a level at which there should be no difficulty in holding it. Foreigners with sterling balances still in London are showing no disposition to withdraw funds, and the authorities are clearly gaining substantial holdings of gold and foreign exchange from British subjects now required to turn in these assets. Long queues at many banks were to be seen on Tuesday made up of people anxious to comply early with the law. The conditions in the money market have been comfortable, with call money around 3-3¼ per cent., and the three months' bill rate at 3 13/16 per cent. Mr. Britling, personifying the business community and the investing public, is preparing calmly once more to see it through.

* * *

Financially the transition from near-war to war has been much smoother than in 1914. As compared with the situation 25 years ago, we have started with many advantages and much less need for hasty improvisations. For instance, our gold reserves are no longer largely scattered, as they then were, in the form of currency in circulation. The public is accustomed to paper currency; the technique of controlling "managed" money and credit has long since been elaborated; and the discount market is well organised to deal with Treasury bill financing on a gigantic scale. There seems no reason to expect that there will be much recourse to the assistance offered to acceptors by the Bank; and the solidity of our financial preparedness is convincingly demonstrated by the fact that there has been no need to declare a moratorium. So far as the City is concerned, "open positions" are so small that no difficulties in settlement are likely to arise. But this is not to say that the problem of debtor-creditor relationships has been entirely solved in the nation's wider social life. The most awkward question seems likely to be that of rents due on quarter day. Already large numbers of earned middle-class incomes have practically ceased, or have been voluntarily sacrificed in order to take up military or A.R.P. service. Countless urban houses have had to be evacuated and quarters rented in the country for young families. Maintenance of rent payments may become difficult.

* * *

The institution of control over the capital market through the Capital Issues Committee is an obvious illustration of the fact that economic mobilisation for war involves necessarily a great deal of what, in normal times, might loosely be called socialism. The public's whole financial resources will gradually have to be recruited exclusively for the prosecution of war in one way or another. Two ruling principles will, I hope, guide Sir John Simon's policy. First, it is far better that consumption of marginal goods should be restricted by rigid import controls and disciplinary taxation—direct and indirect—than by an inflationary rise of prices. If this week's war boom in the American stock and commodity markets continues, we must expect at best some rise in the cost of essential imports, but there is no reason why this should be serious if our own Governmental financing and fiscal policy is sound. A war budget should be promptly introduced to enforce a reasonable all-round increase in direct taxation, accompanied by selective, deterrent Excise duties on articles whose consumption is not rationed but whose sale requires to be curtailed in the interests of economy. (Psychologically, by the way, I think the Chancellor would err if he took too Draconian a line with tobacco and alcohol at present.) Secondly, since borrowing must in any case be immense, every endeavour should be made to keep it as cheap as possible. For the moment there is no need to think of long-term issues; a one-year Treasury bond issue is all that seems appropriate at present to reinforce the Treasury bill. But even before that operation is effected, why not restore a 2 per cent. Bank rate? The first shock met, I can see no justification for a 4 per cent. rate.



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